THE

POETICAL MONITOR:

CONSISTING OF

PIECES SELECT AND ORIGINAL,

FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT OF THE YOUNG

IN

VIRTUE AND PIETY;

INTENDED TO SUCCEED

DR. WATTS' DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.

" The Muſe's office was by Heaven deſign'd
" To pleaſe, inſtruct, improve, and bleſs mankind."

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

SHAKESPEAR'S WALK FEMALE CHARITY SCHOOL,

ST. GEORGE IN THE EAST.

SECOND EDITION.

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1798.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EDITOR *gratefully acknowledges her obligations to a candid Public for the favourable reception given to this volume; and with pleaſure attends to the call for a* SECOND EDITION, *which ſhe flatters herſelf may further benefit the Charity, the intereſt of which was intended in the Publication. A ſmall alteration is made in this Edition; a few pieces being omitted (the leading ſentiments of which were contained in others that remain) to give room for ſome on intereſting ſubjects not before introduced. Whether this alteration may be conſidered as an improvement, the Public will judge.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The wiſh to mingle a further degree of entertainment with moral and religious inſtruction, will, at leaſt, be acceptable to the Young, whoſe improvement in every thing amiable and excellent the EDITOR *conſiders as an object of high importance.*

July 20,
1798.

TO THE

PATRONESSES

OF THE

SHAKESPEAR's-WALK FEMALE CHARITY-SCHOOL.

LADIES,

ACCEPT the DEDICATION of this little Volume as a tribute of ſincere reſpect; and permit me to congratulate you on the general approbation with which your benevolent deſign has been viewed. The advantages you already perceive to reſult from FEMALE MANAGEMENT and INSPECTION, not only in the orderly behaviour, and cleanlineſs of

the Children, but in their mental improvement (to which they are excited by the hope of your approbation, and encouraged by your rewards) muſt be an inexhauſtible ſource of ſatisfaction, as it affords a pleaſing proſpect o what you have ſo much at heart, the everlaſting good of a number of young Females, many of whom, without your aid, might have been loſt in the moſt unhappy ſenſe of the word. The wiſh to aſſiſt, in ſome degree, your good purpoſes, led to the idea of forming this Collection of Poetical Pieces, Devotional and Moral.

The advantages which Dr. Watts ſuggeſts as his motive for publiſhing the DIVINE SONGS, have, I believe been univerſally admitted. 'There 'is a great delight in the very learn-'ing of truths and duties this way.

'What is learnt in verſe is longer 'retained in memory, and ſooner re-'collected. This will be a conſtant 'furniture for the minds of Children, 'that they may have ſomething to 'think upon when alone, and ſing 'over to themſelves. Thus they 'will not be forced to ſeek relief for 'an emptineſs of mind out of the 'looſe and dangerous ſonnets of the 'age.'

And it may be more eſpecially neceſſary that the minds of the poor ſhould be furniſhed, early in life, with ideas on important ſubjects, as they may have little opportunity for further improvement after their entrance on the world. On this account it appeared deſirable that thoſe who have learnt the DIVINE SONGS, and been led to underſtand them, ſhould have ſome pieces of inſtructive poetry put

into their hands ſuited to their riſing years: but none of the many Selections extant ſeemed likely to anſwer the purpoſe, as moſt of the pieces are too ſublime to be underſtood by Children, and, beſides, contain claſſical alluſions, with which it is not neceſſary for thoſe in the lower walks of life ever to be acquainted, nor, perhaps, thoſe of higher rank, in early life: ſo that for the young, in every ſphere, there was a chaſm which I have attempted, in part, to fill. And as Religion enters ſo eſſentially into human happineſs, I perſuade myſelf the greater number of Devotional Pieces in this Collection, when compared with others, will be judged a recommendation. A few Epitaphs are added, as they are known to engage the attention of the young in a greater degree than any other compoſitions equally inſtructive and ſo-

lemn. Amid the daily labour, in future life, of thoſe you patronize, perhaps, ſome verſes may be dwelt upon which may tend to ſtrengthen virtuous reſolutions, fortify their minds againſt temptations, excite them to a love of goodneſs, and prepare them for a future ſtate of purity and bliſs.

If ſome of the pieces with which this Collection begins, ſhould be thought not entirely to coincide with the profeſſed intention of the Editor, it is hoped ſome allowance will be made from the exalted nature of their ſubjects: and with reſpect to a few others which may be ſuppoſed above the capacities of thoſe to whom your kind attention extends, in their preſent early period of life; it may be preſumed they will ſo improve the advantages they now enjoy, that in a little time, they will find no diffi-

culty in entering into their meaning and ſpirit. To the young in higher ſtations, the Parent will delight to explain what is difficult, as well as to enforce what is inſtructive. For I flatter myſelf this little Book will not be *confined* to the Children of the poor; but may be of ſome uſe to thoſe moſt dear to you. And ſince it is an indiſpenſable part of the duty of ſuch to whom Education is intruſted, to inculcate divine truths on the minds of the young, and engage them on the ſide of virtue and religion; it is hoped this Publication will fall in with the wiſhes of not a few of thoſe at the head of Schools; and may be found to unite, with entertainment, ſuch inſtruction as is ſuited to the moſt important end of education.

The few pieces which are peculiarly adapted to Children in Charity

Schools, are put together that they may be immediately diſtinguiſhed.

I have to acknowledge the favour of ſome original pieces (the Authors of which I was not at liberty to announce) which would have been ornaments to any collection. In introducing moral and amuſing ſubjects, as well as devotional and ſacred, I imitate Dr. Watts; and hope it will be found that not a ſingle piece is without ſome uſeful tendency.

Should any pecuniary advantage ariſe from the publication, it will be, with pleaſure, applied for the benefit of the Charity. Should loſs be ſuſtained, it will reſt with the Editor, on whom it will ſet lightly from the circumſtance of its being kindly intended. If this Volume meet with the approbation of the Public, another may, poſſibly, follow,

ſuited to a period of life ſomewhat farther advanced, and which the ſuppoſed chaſm appears to admit.

Happy ſhall I be if my humble efforts contribute to aſſiſt your benevolent views—to enable young minds, by proper culture, to exhibit, in future life, examples of true goodneſs—to feel, themſelves, the inexpreſſible pleaſure reſulting from virtuous conduct—and to impart to your boſoms, as it were, by a kind of ſacred ſympathy, a ſatisfaction and delight that ſhall never know an end.

I am,

LADIES,

With great reſpect,

Your affectionate Friend,

And Servant in your benevolent deſign,

May 22,
1796.

The EDITOR.

THE

POETICAL MONITOR.

THE YOUNG PERSON'S PRAYER.—2 CHRON. i. 7—12.

I Ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor the vain pleaſures of an hour:
My ſoul aſpires to nobler things,
Than all the pride and ſtate of kings.

I ſeek for bleſſings more divine
Than corn or oil, or richeſt wine:
If theſe are ſent, I'll praiſe my God;
Withheld, ſtill found his grace abroad.

One thing I aſk, and wilt thou hear,
And grant my ſoul a gift ſo dear?
Wisdom, deſcending from above;
The choiceſt token of thy love:

WISDOM, betimes to know the LORD;
To fear his name, and keep his word;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide, and guard my wand'ring youth.

Then, ſhouldſt thou grant a length of days,
My life ſhall ſtill proclaim thy praiſe:
Or early death my ſoul convey,
To realms of everlaſting day.

THE APPEAL.

HAST thou beheld the glorious ſun,
Through all the ſky his circuit run,
At riſing morn, at cloſing day,
And when he beam'd his noontide ray?

Say, didſt thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud, or morning dew?
Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow,
Riſe in the eaſt, a beauteous ſhow?

When darkneſs had o'erſpread the ſkies,
Haſt thou e'er ſeen the moon ariſe;
And, with a mild and placid light,
Shed luſtre o'er the face of night?

Haſt thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the fields, and waving grain;
The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love?

Haſt thou e'er trod the ſandy ſhore,
And heard the reſtleſs ocean roar,
When, rous'd by ſome tremendous ſtorm,
Its billows roll in dreadful form?

Haſt thou beheld the lightning ſtream,
Thro' night's dark gloom with ſudden gleam;
While the bellowing thunder's ſound,
Roll'd rattling thro' the heavens profound?

Haſt thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The ſleety ſhower, the biting hail;
Beheld bright ſnow o'erſpread the plains;
The water, bound in icy chains?

Haſt thou the various beings ſeen,
That ſport along the valley green;
That ſweetly warble on the ſpray,
Or wanton in the ſunny ray;

That ſhoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep;
That thro' the gloomy foreſt range,
Or frightful wilds, and deſerts ſtrange?

Haſt thou the wond'rous ſcenes ſurvey'd
That all around thee are diſplay'd?
And haſt thou never rais'd thine eyes
To HIM who caus'd theſe ſcenes to riſe?

'Twas GOD who form'd the concave ſky,
And all the ſhining orbs on high:

Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the ſpacious earth.

'Tis He that bids the tempeſt riſe,
And rolls the thunder through the ſkies:
His voice the elements obey:
Thro' all the earth extends his ſway.

His goodneſs all his creatures ſhare;
But Man is his peculiar care:
Then, while they all proclaim his praiſe,
Let Man his voice the loudeſt raiſe.

GOD IN THE CREATION.

THERE is a God all nature ſpeaks,
Through earth and air, and ſeas and ſkies:
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe.

The riſing ſun, ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inſcribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Unbounded goodneſs, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads diſplay;
And bleſs the hand that made them ſhine
With varied charms, profuſely gay.

For man and beaſt, here, daily food,
In wide diffuſive plenty grows;

And there, for drink, the cryſtal flood
In ſtreams, ſweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling ſtreams and ſoft'ning ſhowers,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants, and herbs and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty ſmiling ſpread.

The flow'ry tribes, all blooming, riſe
Above the weak attempts of art:
Their bright inimitable dyes,
Speak ſweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er;
Confeſs the footſteps of THE GOD,
And bow before Him, and adore.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er;
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid our ſouls adore.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe,
And ſpeak their ſource divine.

The living tribes of countleſs forms,
In earth, and ſea, and air;

The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms,
Almighty power declare.

Thy wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, LORD,
In all thy works appear:
And, Oh! let Man thy praiſe record;
Man, thy diſtinguiſhed care!

From thee the breath of life he drew:
That breath thy power maintains:
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame ſuſtains.

Yet nobler favours claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By revelation's brighter rays,
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

Thy Providence his conſtant guard,
When various woes impend:
Thou wilt the threat'ning dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

On me that Providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling rays;
Oh! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodneſs, and thy praiſe!

LINES

Written by the Proprietor of Hawkeſtone, an elegant Seat in Shropſhire, when contemplating the Scenes around him, in his own Park.

WHILE all thy glories, O my GOD!
Thro' the creation ſhine;
While rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand divine;

Oh! may I view, with humble heart,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Diſplay'd alike in wilder ſcenes,
As in each blade and flow'r.

But while I taſte thy bleſſings, LORD!
And ſip the ſtreams below;
Oh! may my ſoul be led to thee,
From whom all bleſſings flow.

And if ſuch footſteps of thy love,
Thro' this loſt world we trace,
How far tranſcendent are thy works
Throughout the world of grace!

Juſt as before yon noontide ſun,
The brighteſt ſtars are ſmall,
So earthly comforts are but ſnares,
Till grace has crown'd them all.

The above Verſes are to be ſeen in a natural cavern of a vaſt rock, from the top of which is a very diverſified and romantic proſpect.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GREATEST of Beings! ſource of life!
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and ſea!
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all,
A ſilent homage pay to thee.

Wak'd at thy call, the morning ſun
Pours forth to thee its earlieſt rays;
And ſpreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptur'd worlds look up and praiſe.

The moon, to the deep ſhades of night,
Speaks the mild luſtre of thy name;
While all the ſtars, that cheer the ſcene,
Thee, the great LORD of light, proclaim.

And groves and vales, and rocks and hills,
And ev'ry flow'r, and every tree;
Ten thouſand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful ſong for thee.

But man was form'd to riſe to heav'n;
And, bleſt with reaſon's clearer light,
He views his Maker thro' his works,
And glows with rapture at the ſight.

Subject to wants, to Thee he looks,
And from thy goodneſs ſeeks ſupplies:
And, when oppreſs'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the ſkies.

Children, whoſe little minds unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And men, whom reaſon lifts to GOD,
Tho' oft by paſſion downward driv'n;

Such too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb:
Who, ſick'ning at the preſent ſcenes,
Sigh for that better ſtate to come;

All, great Creator! all are thine:
All feel thy providential care;
And, through each varying ſtage of life,
Alike thy conſtant pity ſhare.

And, whether grief oppreſs the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breaſt;
Or life ſtill keep its little courſe,
Or death invite the heart to reſt:

All are thy meſſengers, and all
Thy ſacred pleaſure, LORD, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliſs, and nearer thee.

THE CALL OF GRATITUDE.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daiſy and cowſlip appear;
The flocks, as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the ſpring of the year.

The myrtles that ſhade the gay bowers,
The herbage that ſprings from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and ſweet flowers,
All riſe to the praiſe of my GOD.

Shall man, the great Maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!

The LORD, who ſuch wonders could raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
My heart ſhall rejoice in my GOD.

"GIVING THANKS UNTO GOD ALWAYS IN ALL THINGS."

GREAT GOD! my joyful thanks to thee
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
In conſtant ſtreams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermiſſion knows.
Thy kindneſs ev'ry bleſſing gives,
My num'rous wants thy hand relieves;
Nor can I ever, LORD, be poor,
Who live on thine exhauſtleſs ſtore.
If what I wiſh, thy will denies,
'Tis becauſe thou art good and wiſe:
Afflictions, which may make me mourn,
Thou can'ſt, thou doſt, to bleſſings turn.

Deep, LORD, upon my thankful breaſt,
Let all thy favours be impreſt;
That I may never more forget
The ſum, or any ſingle debt.
May I with grateful heart, each day,
For daily gifts, my praiſes pay:
Delighted may I always be,
In all things to give thanks to Thee.

PRAISING GOD THROUGH OUR EXISTENCE.

YES, I will bleſs thee, O my GOD!
Through all my mortal days,
And, to eternity prolong,
Thy vaſt, thy boundleſs praiſe.

In ev'ry ſmiling, happy hour,
Be this my ſweet employ;
Thy praiſe refines my earthly bliſs,
And doubles all my joy.

When gloomy care, and keen diſtreſs,
Afflict my throbbing breaſt,
My tears ſhall learn to ſpeak thy praiſe,
And lull each pain to reſt.

Nor ſhall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my GOD;
My life, with all its active pow'rs,
Shall ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

Not death itſelf ſhall end my ſong;
Tho' death will cloſe my eyes:
My thoughts ſhall then to nobler heights,
And ſweeter raptures riſe.

How will my happy ſpirit mount,
Confin'd in fleſh no more,
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds,
In countleſs ranks adore.

There ſhall my lips in endleſs praiſe,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

PRAISE TO GOD IN PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

PRAISE to GOD, immortal praiſe,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous ſource of every joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ:

For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's uſe.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuſe:

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores:

Theſe to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all bleſſings flow;
And for theſe my ſoul ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

Yet ſhould riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blaſted ſhoot,
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall;

Should thine alter'd hand reſtrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blaſt each opening bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy;

Yet, to thee my ſoul ſhould raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe;
And when every bleſſing's flown,
Love thee for thyſelf alone.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe!

Oh! how ſhall words, with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul,
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlippery paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O LORD!
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe:

But Oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

INGRATITUDE.

WHAT love, what honour, thanks and praiſe,
O GOD moſt high, we owe to thee!
Yet what thy Providence diſplays,
We often with indifference ſee.

When harveſt ſtrips the fruitful plain,
And fills our empty barns with ſtore;
We eat, we drink, we plant again;
Nor bleſs thee, nor thy aid implore.

When froſt, or mildew, blaſts our ſeed;
Of Providence we make our moan:
But when our annual toils ſucceed,
We think the merit all our own.

When poverty or pain oppreſs,
Thy kind aſſiſtance we implore:
But when reliev'd, we ſcarce confeſs,
Or think upon thy goodneſs more.

Ingratitude! thou child of hell!
Shalt thou the human breaſt pollute;
And from our hearts all thanks expel,
And make us ſink beneath the brute?

Good GOD! ſhall Man ungrateful be,
To whom the whole creation's giv'n?

Shall he not raiſe his ſoul to Thee,
And bleſs the bounteous hand of Heav'n?

For all the favours we enjoy,
Let us, O LORD, exalt thy name;
And all our faculties employ,
To do thy will, and ſpread thy fame.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling power I ſtand;
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with GOD!

Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul, with all the pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!

Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for GOD is there.

PAUSE.

COULD I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where, LORD, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to Heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or dive to Hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea;
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

Oh! may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for GOD is there.

SECRET DEVOTION.

FATHER DIVINE, thy piercing eye
Looks through the ſhades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

There ſhall that piercing eye ſurvey
My humble worſhip paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's ſhade.

I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my ſoul ſhall ſoar;
While grateful praiſe, and fervent prayer,
Employ the ſilent hour.

So ſhall the ſun in ſmiles ariſe;
The day ſhall cloſe in peace;
So wilt thou train me for the ſkies,
Where joys ſhall never ceaſe.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD IMITATED.

LORD! I would be a child of thine,
And thy bleſt image ever bear;
Deeply impreſs this heart of mine,
With glories which I cannot ſhare.
Let theſe my admiration raiſe,
And fill me with religious awe:

Tune both my heart and tongue to praiſe,
And bend me to thy holy law.

But where I CAN reſemble thee,
And in the godlike nature ſhare;
Thy humble follower let me be,
And ſomewhat of thy likeneſs bear.

Pure may I be, averſe to ſin,
Juſt, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all I ſpeak, and do.

THE SONG OF ANGELS.

HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For Angels, no ſuch love have known,
To wake a rapt'rous ſong.

Good-will to guilty men is ſhewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With meſſages from Heav'n.

Juſtice and grace, with ſweet accord,
His riſing beams adorn:
Let Heaven and Earth in concert join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

Glory to GOD in higheſt ſtrains,
In higheſt worlds be paid:

His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When we ſhall reach thoſe bliſsful realms,
Where Chriſt exalted reigns;
We'll learn of the celeſtial choir
Their own immortal ſtrains.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

ARISE, and hail the happy day;
Caſt all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things:
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe,
With healing in his wings.

If Angels, on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful ſongs:
Much more ſhould we of human race
Adore the wonders of his grace;
To whom that grace belongs.

How wonderful! how vaſt his love!
Who left the ſhining realms above,
Thoſe happy ſeats of reſt!
How much for human kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to reſtore,
Can never be expreſt.

Oh! then, let Heaven and Earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hail the happy day;
When Satan's empire vanquish'd, fell,
And all the powers of Death and Hell
Confeſt his ſov'reign ſway.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace;
The choſen of the LORD,
GOD's well-beloved Son, fulfills
The promiſe of his word.

No royal pomp adorns
The King of Righteouſneſs;
Meekneſs and patience, truth and love,
Compoſe his princely dreſs.

Jeſus, the light of men!
His doctrine, life imparts;
Oh! may we feel its quick'ning power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

Cheer'd by its beams, our ſouls
Shall run the heav'nly way;
The path which Chriſt hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endleſs day.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

COME, ſaid JESUS' ſacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who houſeleſs, ſole, forlorn,
Long haſt borne the proud world's ſcorn,
Long haſt roam'd the barren waſte;
Weary pilgrim, hither haſte!

Ye who, toſs'd on beds of pain,
Seek for eaſe, but ſeek in vain;
Ye whoſe ſwoln and ſleepleſs eyes,
Watch to ſee the morning riſe;

Ye, by fiercer anguiſh torn,
In ſtrong remorſe for guilt, who mourn;
Here repoſe your heavy care:
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

Sinner, come! for here is found,
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever ſhall endure,
Reſt eternal, ſacred, ſure.

THE DYING LOVE OF CHRIST.

AMAZING love! that ſtoop'd ſo low,
To view with pity's melting eye,

Vile men, whoſe juſt deſert was woe!
Amazing love!—did Jesus die?

He died!—to raiſe to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone:
Oh! let his praiſe each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

He died!—ye Seraphs, tune your ſongs,
Reſound, reſound the Saviour's name:
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

THE ANGEL'S REPLY TO THE WOMEN WHO SOUGHT CHRIST.

YE humble ſouls, that ſeek the Lord!
Chaſe all your fears away:
And bow with pleaſure down to ſee
The place where Jeſus lay.

Thus low the Lord of Life was brought:
Such wonders Love can do;
Thus cold in death, that boſom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

Now, dry your tears, and tune your ſongs:
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

With joy like His, shall every saint,
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

THE RESURRECTION.

'CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to day,'
Sons of men, and Angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye Heavens, and Earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell;
Death, in vain, forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again, our glorious King?
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he dy'd our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

EASTER-DAY.

THIS day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;

Let gladneſs dwell in every heart,
And praiſe on every tongue.

Ten thouſand differing lips ſhall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With ſtrong compaſſion mov'd,
Deſcended, like a pitying God,
To ſave the ſouls he lov'd.

The powers of darkneſs leagu'd in vain
To bind his ſoul in death;
He ſhook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of Hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught ſo much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Aſcend the lofty ſkies;
While broke, beneath his powerful croſs,
Death's iron ſceptre lies.

Exalted high, at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below:
Through him is pardoning love diſpens'd,
And boundleſs bleſſings flow.

And ſtill, for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And ſtill his bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And ſtand prepar'd like thee to die,
With thee, that I may live.

THE SAVIOUR REMEMBERED.

'EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend;'
Such was our SAVIOUR's laſt requeſt,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever bleſt.

Yes, we'll record thy matchleſs love,
Thou deareſt, tend'reſt, beſt of friends;
Thy dying love, the nobleſt praiſe
Of long eternity tranſcends.

'Tis pleaſure more than earth can give,
Thy goodneſs through theſe veils to ſee;
Thy table, food celeſtial yields;
And happy they who ſit with thee.

But oh! what vaſt, tranſporting joys
Shall fill our breaſts, our tongues inſpire,
When join'd with the celeſtial train,
Our grateful ſouls thy love admire!

When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thine own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join to make thy favours known.

DIVINE LOVE DISPLAYED IN THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

NOW let my soul, Eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring:
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above:
But, in thy blessed word, I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

There, what delightful truths I read!
There I behold a Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

For love like this, Oh! let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

JESUS! and ſhall it ever be,
A mortal man aſham'd of thee?
Aſham'd of thee, whom Angels praiſe,
Whoſe glories ſhine through endleſs days?

Aſham'd of JESUS! ſooner ſan
Let evening bluſh to own her ſtar;
He ſheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted ſoul of mine.

Aſham'd of JESUS! juſt as ſoon,
Let midnight be aſham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my ſoul till He,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkneſs flee.

Aſham'd of JESUS! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No; when I bluſh—be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.

Aſham'd of JESUS! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to waſh away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no ſoul to ſave.

Till then—nor is my boaſting vain—
Till then, I'll boaſt a Saviour ſlain!
And Oh! may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not aſham'd of me!

'WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE.'

JESUS, my LORD, I own thy right,
To ev'ry ſervice I can pay;
And call it my ſupreme delight,
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being, but for thee,
Its ſure ſupport, its nobleſt end?
Thine ever-ſmiling face to ſee,
And ſerve the cauſe of ſuch a friend?

I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increaſe my wordly good;
Nor future days or pow'rs employ,
To ſpread a ſounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him, who for my ranſom died:
Nor could untainted Eden give,
Such bliſs as bloſſoms at his ſide.

His work my hoary age ſhall bleſs,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my laſt hour of life confeſs,
His love hath animating pow'r.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine:

The virtues all in Jeſus met,
With mildeſt radiance ſhine.

The largeſt love of human kind
Inſpir'd his godlike breaſt;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindneſs was expreſt.

To ſpread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart, by all his friends,
A friend and ſervant found;
He waſh'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

'Midſt keen reproach, and cruel ſcorn,
Patient and meek he ſtood;
His foes, ungrateful, ſought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

In the laſt hour of deep diſtreſs,
Before his Father's throne,
With ſoul reſign'd, he bow'd and ſaid,
'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

Be Chriſt my pattern, and my guide!
His image may I bear!
O may I tread his ſacred ſteps,
And his bright glories ſhare!

THE HEAVENLY VISITANT.

BEHOLD a ſtranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting ſtill;
You uſe no other friend ſo ill.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He
With garments dy'd from Calvary.

O lovely attitude! he ſtands
With melting heart and open hands!
O matchleſs kindneſs! and he ſhows
This matchleſs kindneſs to his foes.

Riſe, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monſter Sin,
And let the heavenly ſtranger in.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain:
Where Jeſus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial ſway:
E'n thoughts muſt die that diſobey.

Sov'reign of Souls! thou Prince of Peace!
O may thy gentle reign increaſe!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be his empire—ALL MANKIND.

DELAY.

HASTEN, Sinner, to be wiſe;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun:
Th' longer Wiſdom you deſpiſe,
Harder is ſhe to be won.

Haſten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun;
Leſt thy ſeaſon ſhould be o'er,
Ere this evening's ſtage be run.

Haſtën, Sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun:
Leſt thy lamp ſhould fail to burn,
Ere ſalvation's work is done.

Haſten, Sinner, to be bleſt;
Stay not for the morrow's ſun:
Leſt perdition thee arreſt,
Ere the morrow is begun.

CONTRITION.

O THOU, whoſe tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble ſighs;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From ſorrow's weeping eyes:

See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:

Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
Haſt thou not ſaid—'return?'
And ſhall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only ſafe retreat.

Abſent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

Oh! ſhine on this benighted heart;
With beams of mercy ſhine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

VIRTUE ADDRESSING THE YOUNG.

OF Pleaſure's gilded baits beware,
Nor venture near her fatal ſnare:
Virtue unwelcome truths may tell,
But mark my ſacred leſſon well:
With me, whoever lives at ſtrife,
Loſes his better friend for life;
With me, who lives in friendſhip's ties,
Finds all that's ſought for by the wiſe.
Folly exclaims, and well ſhe may,
Becauſe I take her maſk away.

If once I bring her to the ſun,
The painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
And leave deception to her fools.
With ME true pleaſure's found—for know,
I'm all that's happineſs below.
To vice I leave tumultuous joys;
Mine is the ſtill and ſofter voice,
That whiſpers peace, when ſtorms invade;
And muſic, through the midnight ſhade,
Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
Nor give me leſs than all your heart:
When troubles diſcompoſe your breaſt,
I'll enter there a cheerful gueſt:
My converſe ſhall your cares beguile;
The little world within ſhall ſmile.
And, when the cloſing ſcenes prevail;
When wealth, ſtate, pleaſure, all ſhall fail;
All that a thoughtleſs world admires,
Or paſſion craves, or pride inſpires;
At that important hour of need,
VIRTUE ſhall prove a friend indeed!
My hands ſhall ſmooth thy dying bed;
My arm ſuſtain thy drooping head:
And, when the painful ſtruggle's o'er,
And that vain thing, the world, no more;
I'll bear my fav'rite child away,
To rapture, and eternal day.

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweeteſt pleaſures while we live;
'Tis religion muſt ſupply,
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Laſting as Eternity:
Let me, then, make GOD my Friend,
And on all his ways attend.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

AGAIN my weekly labours end,
And I the ſabbath's call attend:
Improve, my ſoul, the ſacred reſt,
And ſeek to be for ever bleſt.

This day, let my devotions riſe
To heav'n, a grateful ſacrifice;
And GOD, that peace divine beſtow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

This holy calm within the breaſt,
Prepares for that eternal reſt,
Which for the ſons of GOD remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleaſures, paſs away:

How ſweet a ſabbath thus to ſpend,
In hope of that which ne'er ſhall end!

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

THINE earthly ſabbaths, LORD, we love:
But there's a nobler reſt above:
Thy ſervants to that reſt aſpire,
With ardent hope and ſtrong deſire.

No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin, nor death ſhall reach the place;
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs,
That warble on immortal tongues.

No rude alarm of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repoſe:
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun;
But ſacred, high, eternal noon.

Thine earthly ſabbaths, LORD, we love;
But there's a nobler reſt above;
Thy ſervants to that reſt aſpire,
With ardent hope and ſtrong deſire.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

AWAKE, my ſoul, ſtretch every nerve,
And preſs with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witneſſes around,
Hold thee in full ſurvey:
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye:

That prize with peerleſs glories bright,
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victors wreaths, and monarch's gems,
Shall blend in common duſt.

My ſoul, with ſacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize purſue;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

THE HAPPY INFLUENCE OF LOVE TO GOD.

LET gratitude in acts of goodneſs flow:
My love to God, in love to man below.
Be this my joy—to calm the troubled breaſt,
Support the weak, and ſuccour the diſtreſt;
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear;
The orphan guard, the ſinking ſpirits cheer.

Tho' ſmall my pow'r to act, tho' mean my ſkill,
God ſees the heart, he judges by the will.

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

O God, my Father, and my King!
Of all I have, or hope, the ſpring!
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
May I from ev'ry act abſtain,
That hurts, or gives my neighbour pain;
And ev'ry ſecret wiſh ſuppreſs,
That would abridge his happineſs.

Still may I feel my heart inclin'd,
To be the friend of all mankind:
Still wiſh them ſafety, health and eaſe,
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace.

With pity let my breaſt o'erflow,
When I behold another's woe:
And bear a ſympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

And let my neighbour's proſp'rous ſtate,
A mutual joy in me create;
His virtuous triumph let me join;
His peace and happineſs be mine.

Let love through all my conduct ſhine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine!

Let me thy humble follower prove,
Father of men, great GOD OF LOVE!

THE PROPER RETURN FOR MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

THY Mother honour—for her arms
Secured thee from a thouſand harms:
When, helpleſs, hanging on her breaſt,
She ſooth'd thy infant heart to reſt:
Thoughtful of thee, before the day
Shot through the dark, its riſing ray;
Thoughtful of thee, when ſable night
Again had quench'd the beams of light;
To Heaven, in ceaſeleſs pray'r for thee,
She rais'd her hand, and bent her knee.
Neglect her not, when feeble grown:
Oh! make her wants and woes thy own:
Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,
Her weakneſs, frailty, years, deſpiſe.
From youthful inſolence defend:
Be patron, huſband, guardian, friend.
Thus ſhalt thou ſooth in life's decline,
The mis'ries that may all be thine.

THE GRATEFUL TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN ON THE RECOVERY OF A PARENT.

AGAIN the purple tide of health,
That bleſſing dearer far than wealth,

Returns, and bids each hope revive,
With every joy which health can give.

Then, to the LORD we'll raiſe our voice;
In ſtrains of gratitude rejoice:
'Twas He who kindly ſought the bed,
And rais'd the ſad, dejected head.

To Him let daily thanks aſcend,
Who ſav'd our Parent and our Friend:
Still let our voice in concert join,
To bleſs his goodneſs all divine.

DOMESTIC PEACE AND LOVE.

HOW good and pleaſant is the ſight,
Where kindred ſouls agree!
How bleſt the houſe where hearts unite
In bands of piety!

All in their proper ſtations move;
And each fulfills his part,
In ev'ry care of life and love,
With ſympathizing heart.

How happy are the ſons of peace!
Their hearts and hopes are one;
And kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Through all their actions run.

Here peace, like morning dew, diſtils
Its bleſſings from above;

While grateful joy each boſom fills,
And every heart is love.

THE YOUNG UNITING IN DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

HIGH in the ſhining courts above,
GOD reigns the ſovereign King;
And Angels round his throne of love,
Sweet Hallelujahs ſing.

He ſmiles on every pious mind,
And ſtoops their ſongs to hear:
And not to thoſe bright realms confined;
Accepts his children's prayer.

He ſees where youthful hearts unite,
And form a ſocial band;
And Jeſus ever takes delight,
To guide them with his hand.

Their converſation, and their prayers,
Are muſic in his ears;
His ſmiles diſpel their gloomy cares,
And diſſipate their fears.

Oh! how they ſcorn thoſe empty joys
Which earthly minds purſue:
Celeſtial love their boſom warms
With bliſs that's ever new.

The ſhining of Jehovah's face,
And Jeſus' dying love,
Allure them through the wilderneſs,
To brighter joys above.

Oh! did the young around, but know,
How great their pleaſures are:
They would each golden joy forego,
Such matchleſs bliſs to ſhare.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

COME, let us ſearch our ways, and try:
Have they been juſt and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we ſtill done the ſame?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injure his good name?

Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praiſe?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By ſly malicious ways?

In all we ſell, and all we buy,
Is honeſty our guide?
Does thirſt of gain, from virtue's path,
Ne'er draw our feet aſide?

Then may we raiſe our modeſt pray'r
To God, the juſt and kind;
May humbly caſt on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

THE RIGHT USE OF PROSPERITY.

MY gracious God! accept my pray'r;
If e'er thy love divine
Should proſper my well-meaning care,
And wealth ſhould e'er be mine:

May humble worth, without a fear,
Approach my open door;
Nor may I ever view a tear,
Regardleſs, from the poor.

O bleſs me with an honeſt mind,
Above all ſelfiſh ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conſcious truth and honour ſtill,
My actions may I guide;
Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
Nor ſcorn, but that of pride.

Thee in remembrance may I bear,
To thee my tribute raiſe;
Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
And wake each morn with praiſe.

MERCY.

I HEAR the voice of woe:
A brother mortal mourns:
My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow;
My heart his ſighs returns.

I hear the thirſty cry,
The famiſh'd beg for bread:
O let my ſpring its ſtreams ſupply,
My hand its bounty ſhed.

And ſhall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble ſtrain,
My Brother crying 'I repent,
'Nor will offend again?

How elſe, on ſprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my prav'r,
Up to thy throne, my GOD, my King,
To plead for pardon there?

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

WHEN Chriſt, among the ſons of men,
In humble form was found,
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain,
He was encompaſs'd round.

The woes of men his pity mov'd;
Their peace, he ſtill purſu'd;

They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death.

From the rich fountain of his love,
What ſtreams of mercy flow!
'Father, forgive them,' Jeſus cries,
'They know not what they do.'

Let not this bright example ſhine
In vain before our eyes!
Give us, great GOD, a ſoul like his,
To love our enemies.

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER, ador'd in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallow'd ſtill;
Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

LORD! make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the ſins which we forſake:
Oh! let us in thy kindneſs ſhare,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beſet us ev'ry hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:

Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r;
Be thine the glory evermore!

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

IN the ſoft ſeaſon of thy youth,
In nature's ſmiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its ſummons to the tomb:

REMEMBER THY CREATOR, GOD;
For him thy pow'rs employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He ſhall defend and guide thy courſe,
Through life's uncertain ſea;
Till thou art landed on the ſhore
Of bleſs'd eternity,

Then, ſeek the LORD betimes, and chooſe
The path of heav'nly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier ſight,
Than a RELIGIOUS YOUTH.

THE YOUNG SEEKING DIVINE GUIDANCE.

NOW, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know:

O God, thy ſanctifying grace
Betimes on me beſtow.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to chooſe the way of truth,
And flee from every ſnare.

My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine:
Unite it to thyſelf alone,
And make me wholly thine.

Oh! let thy word of grace
My warmeſt thoughts employ:
Be this through all my future days,
My treaſure and my joy.

To what thy Laws impart
Be my whole ſoul inclin'd:
Oh! let them dwell within my heart,
And ſanctify my mind.

May thy young Servant learn,
By theſe to cleanſe his way;
And in thy word the path diſcern,
That leads to endleſs day.

THE WISE CHOICE.

BESET with ſnares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I ſtand:

FATHER DIVINE! diffuſe thy light,
To guide my doubtful footſteps right.

Engage this frail, and wav'ring heart,
Wiſely to chooſe the better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

Then let the wildeſt ſtorms ariſe;
Let tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall I fear;
But all my treaſures with me bear.

If thou, my FATHER! ſtill be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand worlds in thee.

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away:
Lo! in yonder eaſtern ſkies,
The ſun appears, and bids me riſe:
Tells me, 'Life is on the wing,
'And has no returning ſpring:
'Death comes on with ſteady pace,
'And life's the only day of grace.'
Shining Preacher! happy morning,
Let me take th' important warning;

Rouſe then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours:
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our hearts betray)
VIRTUE, SCIENCE, KNOWLEDGE, TRUTH,
Guide th' enquiries of my youth.
Wiſdom and experience ſage,
Then ſhall ſooth the cares of age;
Thoſe with time ſhall never die;
Thoſe will lead to joys on high;
Thoſe the path of life diſplay,
Shining with celeſtial day;
Bliſsful path! with ſafety trod,
The end of which is HEAVEN and GOD.

THE FEATHERED TRIBE OUR INSTRUCTORS.

WHEN morning comes, the birds ariſe,
And tune their voices tow'rd the ſkies;
With warbling notes, and hallow'd lays,
They ſhew their great Creator's praiſe.

Shall I, then, from my chamber go,
Or any work preſume to do,
Before I've ſought the GOD of Heav'n,
And my juſt morning tribute giv'n?

Come, then, my Soul, awake and pray,
And praiſe thy Maker day by day;

Bleſs him for raiment, health and food,
And for each peaceful night's abode:
Leſt ev'ry bird's harmonious ſong
Reproach me as I walk along,
Thoughtleſs of Him, whoſe guardian pow'r,
Upholds and keeps me ev'ry hour.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO Thee let my firſt off'rings riſe,
Whoſe ſun creates the day;
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And ſpotleſs as his ray.

What numbers, with heart-piercing ſighs,
Have paſt this tedious night!
What numbers too, have clos'd their eyes,
No more to ſee the light!

Sound was my ſleep, my dreams were gay:
How ſhort ſuch time review'd!
My night ſtole unperceiv'd away;
I'm like the day, renew'd.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchſaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, ſupply,
And I that hand adore.

If bliſs thy Providence impart,
For which, reſign'd, I pray,

Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

Affliction, ſhould thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that bleſſed end,
May I the means endure.

If bright or cloudy ſcenes await;
Some virtue let me gain;
That Heav'n, nor high, nor low eſtate,
When ſent, may ſend in vain.

Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiſer than the paſt;
That, from the whole of life's ſurvey,
I may find peace at laſt.

LIVING IN THE FEAR OF GOD ALL THE DAY.

THRICE happy they who born from heav'n,
While yet they ſojourn here,
Each day of life with GOD begin,
And ſpend it in his fear!

'Midſt hourly cares, may I preſent
My off'rings to thy throne;
And, while the world my HANDS employs,
My HEART be thine alone.

As ſanctify'd to nobleſt ends,
Be each refreſhment ſought;

And by each various providence,
Some wiſe inſtruction brought.

When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
I'll ſeek the ſhelter of thy wings
And in thy ſtrength confide.

As diff'rent ſcenes of life ariſe,
My grateful heart would be
With thee, amid the ſocial band,
In ſolitude, with thee.

In ſolid, pure delights like theſe,
Let all my days be paſt;
Nor ſhall I then impatient wiſh,
Nor ſhall I fear, the laſt.

INDUSTRY.

BEHOLD, fond Youth, that buſy Bee;
How ſwift ſhe flies from tree to tree,
Extracting flowery ſweets;
Thus cheerful all the day ſhe'll roam,
At evening ſeek her much-lov'd home,
To treaſure all ſhe meets.

Full well ſhe knows that winter keen,
Muſt come to blaſt this painted ſcene,
With famine on his wing;

Her prudent labours find repoſe;
Nor winter's cold, nor want ſhe knows,
Till time renews the ſpring.

While yonder Drone in ſunny haunts,
Who juſt ſupplies his preſent wants,
Nor heeds the paſſing hours;
Soon bleak December's piercing air,
Shall mock his want of timely care,
And chill his vital powers.

Like the dull Drone, ſhall he who throws
Away what Providence beſtows,
Feel the pinching hand of need;
While they whoſe care is to increaſe,
Find, like the Bee, in winter, peace,
And every good ſucceed.

'GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.'

FOUNTAIN of Bleſſing! ever bleſs'd;
Enriching all, of all poſſeſs'd:
By whom the whole creation's fed;
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

To Thee my very life I owe;
From Thee do all my comforts flow;
Of every bleſſing that I need,
Muſt from thy bounteous hand proceed.

Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire:
Content with little would I be:
That little, LORD, must come from Thee.

While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more;
With Agur's wish content I'll live,
Nor grudge them all the world can give.

SELF-EXAMINATION FOR THE EVENING.

AND now, my soul, the circling sun
Has all his beams withdrawn:
Once more his daily race is run,
And gloomy night comes on.

Thus one day more of life is gone;
A doubtful few remain:
Come, then, review what thou hast done,
Eternal life to gain.

Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With ev'ry passing day?

This day, what conquests hast thou gain'd?
What sin is overcome?
What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,
To bring thee nearer home?

Alas! this life will ſoon be paſt,
'Tis dying ev'ry day:
But do thy hopes make equal haſte?
Or negligence betray?

Do they more ſtrong and lively grow,
And make more pure from ſin?
Give more contempt of things below,
Create more peace within?

Oh! do not paſs this life in dreams,
To be ſurpris'd by death:
And ſink where mercy never beams
When I reſign my breath.

No! every day thy courſe review,
Thy real ſtate to learn:
And with renewed zeal purſue
Thy great and chief concern.

AN EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God! whoſe bounteous care
O'er all thy works is ſhewn!
Oh! let my grateful praiſe and pray'r
Aſcend before thy throne.

What mercies has this day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt thou bleſt!
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulneſs, my breaſt.

Now, may ſweet ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
From pain and ſickneſs free;
And let my waking thoughts ariſe
To meditate on thee.

So bleſs each future day and night,
Till life's fond ſcene is o'er!
And then, to realms of endleſs light,
Oh! let my ſpirit ſoar.

A BIRTH-DAY.

SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is haſtening on:
Quick as the lightning from the ſkies,
My waſting moments run.

My follies paſt, O GOD, forgive:
My ev'ry ſin ſubdue:
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory in my view.

'Twere better I had not been born
Than live without thy fear:
For they are wretched and forlorn,
Who have their portion here.

But, thanks to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth,
I have been taught to ſeek thy face,
And know the way of truth.

Oh! let thy Spirit lead me ſtill,
Along the happy road;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Father, and my GOD!

Another year of life is paſt;
My heart to Thee incline;
That, if this year ſhould be my laſt,
It may be wholly thine.

THE PAPER KITE.

ONCE on a time, a paper kite,
Was mounted to a wond'rous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus expreſs'd ſelf-admiration.
'See how yon crowds of gazing people,
'Admire my flight above the ſteeple!
'How would they wonder if they knew,
'All that a kite like me can do!
'Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
'And pierce the clouds beyond their ſight:
'But, oh! like a poor priſ'ner bound,
'My ſtring confines me near the ground.
'I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
'Might I but fly without a ſtring.'
It tugg'd and pull'd (while thus it ſpoke)
To break the ſtring—at laſt it broke.

Depriv'd at once of all its ſtay,
In vain it tried to ſoar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It fluttered downward through the air;
Unable its own courſe to guide,
The winds ſoon plung'd it in the tide.
Ah! fooliſh kite, thou hadſt no wing;
How could'ſt thou fly without a ſtring?
My heart reply'd, O LORD, I ſee
How much this kite reſembles me;
Forgetful that by Thee I ſtand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand,
How oft my fooliſh heart inclines
T'oppoſe that lot which Heav'n aſſigns!
How oft indulg'd a vain deſire
For ſomething more, or ſomething higher!
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall more dreadful had been mine.

PRIDE.

O PRIDE, thou dropſy of the mind,
Of ſelf-deluſion born:
Hateful to GOD: by all mankind,
In others, ſeen with ſcorn.

Shall ſinning man, O LORD, preſume
To glory in thy ſight?

Himſelf on his own virtues plume?
And claim thy heav'n by right?
I boaſt of none, in none I'll truſt:
For mercy, LORD, I ſue.
Ah! were my judge ſeverely juſt,
Perdition is my due.

Shall mortal man ſo blind and weak,
On his own pow'rs depend?
In Thee I hope, thy bleſſing ſeek:
O guide me and defend.
Shall man his brother man deſpiſe,
Vain of excelling worth?
And view aſkance, with haughty eyes,
His fellow-worm of earth?

Who made my birth or ſtation high?
Another's, mean and low?
Who made that poor man's cup ſo dry,
But mine to overflow?
My pride, ſhall nobler talents ſwell?
Who made yon idiot's ſmall?
Who gave me talents to excel?
Who, but the GOD of all?

Oh! come, meek-ey'd Humility,
Come dwell within my breaſt;
Thus, Jeſus, I would learn of Thee,
And find thy promis'd reſt.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

GOD reigns; events in order flow,
Man's induſtry to guide;
But oft in various channels go,
To humble human pride.

The ſwift, not always in the race,
Shall ſeize the crowning prize:
Not always wealth, and honour grace,
The labour of the wiſe.

Go, huſbandman, the ſoil prepare,
Caſt in the precious grain,
To thee belong the ſun and air?
Doſt thou command the rain?

Ye crafty, ſcheme your winding way;
GOD ſhall confound your ſkill:
Know, time and accident obey
Their all-directing will.

Evil and good before him ſtand,
Their miſſion to perform:
The bleſſing comes at his command,
At his command the ſtorm.

O LORD, in all my ways I'll own
Thy providential power;
Intruſting to thy care alone,
Th' events of every hour.

CONTENTMENT.

LIFE is a ſea, where ſtorms muſt riſe;
'Tis Folly talks of cloudleſs ſkies:
Be ſtill, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Diſtruſt embitters preſent joy:
On GOD for all events depend;
You cannot want when GOD's your Friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your beſt;
Leave to your Maker all the reſt.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother ſlight her boy;
Can ſhe forget her prattling joy?
Say then, ſhall Sov'reign Love deſert
The humble and the honeſt heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet ſay not thou that Heaven's unkind.
GOD is alike both good and wiſe,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodneſs gives to-day,
To-morrow goodneſs takes away.
You ſay that troubles intervene,
That ſorrows darken half the ſcene;
True—and this conſequence you ſee,
This world was ne'er deſign'd for thee:

You're like a paſſenger below,
That ſtays, perhaps, a night or ſo;
But ſtill his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the ſkies.
Of Heaven aſk Virtue, Wiſdom, Health,
But never let thy Pray'r be Wealth.
If food be thine (though little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may nature's wants ſuffice,
Not what from pride and folly riſe;
If ſoft the motions of thy ſoul,
And a calm conſcience crowns the whole;
Add but a Friend to all this ſtore,
You can't, in reaſon, wiſh for more:
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n beſtows on kings.

PEACE OF MIND SECURED.

THE ſolid joys of human kind,
Are thoſe that flow from peace of mind:
For who the ſweets of life can taſte,
With vice and tim'rous guilt oppreſt?
'Tis virtue ſoftens all our toils,
With peace our conſcience crowns;
Gives pleaſure when our fortune ſmiles,
And courage when it frowns;

Calms ev'ry trouble, makes the ſoul ſerene,
Smooths the contracted brow, and cheers the
heart within.

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

My days and weeks, and months and years,
Fly rapid as the whirling ſpheres
Around the ſteady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I ſhall launch thoſe boundleſs deeps
Where endleſs ages roll.

Eternal bliſs, or endleſs woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
This poor precarious breath:
The God of nature only knows,
Whether another year ſhall cloſe,
Ere I expire in death.

But will my ſoul be then extinct,
And ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
If Heaven decrees thou muſt not die;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death has ſet thee free?

Before thy throne, Great God, I bow,
And humbly beg aſſiſtance now,
To know my real ſtate;

While life and health and time endure,
Fain would I make my heav'n ſecure,
Before it be too late.

If in deſtruction's road I ſtray,
Help me to chooſe that better way
Which leads to joys on high;
My ſoul renew, my ſins forgive;
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I dare not die!

With thee let every day be paſt;
And when that comes, which proves my laſt,
May glory dawn within!
Then baniſh from me every doubt;
And, ere life's glimm'ring lamp goes out,
Let endleſs joys begin.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

GOD of my life, thy conſtant care,
With bleſſings crowns each op'ning year;
This guilty life doſt thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual ſong.

How many precious ſouls are fled,
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun
Through his laſt yearly period run!

We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
'I will retain this vital breath,
'Thus far, at leaſt, in league with death?
That breath is thine, eternal GOD!
'Tis thine to fix my ſoul's abode;
It holds its life from Thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
To Thee my ſpirit I reſign;
Oh! make, and own it ſtill as thine!
So ſhall it ſmile ſecure from fear,
Though death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

THE SAME.

AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of my ſhort life is paſt:
I cannot long continue here;
And this may be my laſt.
Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run;
The few that yet remain.
Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair;
And what thy great concern.

Now a new ſpace of time begins,
Set out afreſh for Heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In Chriſt ſo freely given.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal purſue the heavenly road;
Nor doubt a happy end.

VAIN CONVERSATION AND FOLLY IN DRESS.

IS it a thing of good report,
To ſquander life and time away?
To cut the hours of duty ſhort,
While toys and follies waſte the day?

To aſk and prattle all affairs,
And mind all buſineſs but our own?
To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confuſion run?

Doth vain diſcourſe, or empty mirth,
Well ſuit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

What if we wear the richeſt veſt;
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt:
This fleſh with all its gaudy forms,
Muſt drop to duſt and feed the worms.

LORD, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher;
Touch our vain minds with ſacred fire:
Then, with an elevated eye,
We'll paſs theſe glitt'ring trifles by.

We'll look on all the toys below,
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To promis'd manſions in the ſkies.

HOLY DILIGENCE. PROV. CHAP. X. V. 5.

SEE how the little toiling Ant,
Improves the harveſt hours;
While ſummer laſts, through all her cells,
The choiceſt ſtores ſhe pours.

While life remains, OUR harveſt laſts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Beſt is this ſeaſon for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

'To-day attend,' is Wiſdom's voice;
'To-morrow,' Folly cries:
And ſtill to-morrow 'tis, when oh!
To-day the ſinner dies.

When conſcience ſpeaks, its voice regard,
And ſeize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And GOD will give the power.

THE CAUTION.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BE not, my Friend, by Youth deceiv'd,
Nor let the charmer be believed,
Though ſmooth and ſoft her ſtrain:
Away, on whirling wheels ſhe flies,
Swift as the cloud that rides the ſkies,
Without a yoke or rein.

Youth muſt reſign its blooming charms
To age, whoſe cold and ſhiv'ring arms,
Will wither every joy.
'Tis brittle glaſs; 'tis rapid ſtream;
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-dreſs'd dream,
That time will ſoon deſtroy.

Hours, days, months, years, impetuous fly,
Like meteors darting through the ſky,
And muſt return no more:
Know, my young Friend, that moments fled,
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancell'd from thy ſcore.

Though we in this low world were born,
Yet this low world our ſouls ſhould ſcorn,
And to the Heavens ſhould riſe:

So the larks, hatch'd on clods of earth,
Diſdain their mean, inglorious birth,
And tow'r unto the ſkies.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy ſight,
Thy reaſon let it warn;
And ſeize, my dear, that rapid time,
That never muſt return.

If idly loſt, no art or care
The bleſſing can reſtore;
And Heav'n requires a ſtrict account,
For ev'ry miſpent hour.

Short is our longeſt day of life,
And ſoon its proſpect ends;
Yet on that day's uncertain date,
Eternity depends.

Yet equal to our being's aim,
The ſpace to virtue giv'n;
And ev'ry minute well improv'd,
Secures an age in Heav'n.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

NO longer lies Nature aſleep in the root;
She blooms in yon bough, lo! ſhe ſets in yon fruit;

Too ſoon from the bough, if the bloſſom
ſhould fall,
No fruit will ſucceed, the gay bloſſom is all:
Think, think, O my ſoul, what a leſſon for
thee!
The bough may bloom fair, but quite barren
the tree.

While planted I am in this garden below,
Some fruit, if but little, ſome fruit I muſt
ſhow:
Leſt He that has planted ſhould ſay with a
frown,
'The axe to the root, cut the cumberer down.'
My ſeaſon for bearing, not long it may laſt;
Then wiſe let me be ere that ſeaſon is paſt;
Heaven, Heaven is the clime; and once plant
me but there,
Oh! how will I bloom, and what fruit will I
bear!
In the Planter's own garden, beneath his own
eye,
My leaf ſhall not wither, my fruit ſhall not die:
By that Fountain of Life I ſhall flouriſhing
ſtand;
Which ever will flow at the Planter's right-
hand.

BEAUTY SHORT-LIVED.

THE morning flowers diſplay their ſweets,
And gay their ſilken leaves unfold,
As careleſs of the noon-tide heats,
And fearleſs of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blaſt,
Parch'd by the ſun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waſte,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty ſhews;
Fairer than ſpring the colours ſhine,
And ſweeter than the new-blown roſe.

But worn by ſlowly rolling years,
Or broke by ſickneſs in a day,
The fading glory diſappears,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet theſe, new riſing from the tomb,
With luſtre brighter far ſhall ſhine;
(If goodneſs in the life did bloom)
Safe from diſeaſes and decline.

Let ſickneſs blaſt, let death devour,
So Heaven but recompenſe our pains;
Periſh the graſs, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of GOD remains.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

'We all do fade as a leaf.' Iſaiah, chap. xxxiv. ver. 4.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling,
In a ſad and ſolemn ſound:

'Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
'When, like us, he blighted fell)
'Hear the lecture we are reading,
''Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

'Virgins, much, too much preſuming
'On your boaſted white and red;
'View us late in beauty blooming,
'Number'd now among the dead.

'Youths, though yet no loſſes grieve you,
'Gay in health, and many a grace;
'Let not cloudleſs ſkies deceive you;
'Summer gives to Autumn place.

'Yearly in our courſe returning,
'Meſſengers of ſhorteſt ſtay;
'Thus we preach this truth concerning,
"Heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away."

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be ſtaid;

Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that ſhall not fade.

'I MUST WORK THE WORK OF HIM THAT SENT ME.' JOHN, CHAP. IX. VER. 4.

THE ſhort-liv'd day declines in haſte,
The night of death approaches faſt;
With rapid ſpeed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

As flies the ſhuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals haſten to the tomb;
As ſhips that ſkim along the ſea,
Or eagles darting on their prey:

As vaniſhes the fleeting ſhade;
As flow'rs before the evening fade;
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are meaſur'd by a ſpan.

I would not wiſh on earth to ſtay,
Beyond this ſhort, uncertain day;
But, LORD, prepare my ſoul to do
The work appointed me below.

With willing heart and active hands,
LORD I would practice thy commands;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wiſh to die.

THE HEAVENLY PHYSICIAN.

MY GOD, with grateful heart, I'll raiſe
A daily altar to thy praiſe:
Thy friendly hand my courſe directs;
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.

When danger, woes, or death, are nigh,
Paſt mercies teach me where to fly;
The ſame almighty arm can aid,
Now ſickneſs grieves, and pains invade.

To all the various helps of art,
Kindly, thy healing pow'r impart:
Bethesda's pool refus'd to ſave,
Unleſs an Angel bleſs'd the wave.

All med'cines act by thy decree:
Receive commiſſion all from Thee;
And not a plant which ſpreads the plains,
But teems with health when Heav'n ordains.

Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At Heav'ns command, reſtor'd the blind:
Hence Jordan's waters once were ſeen
To waſh a Syrian leper clean.

But grant me nobler favours ſtill:
Grant me to KNOW and DO thy will,
O purge my ſoul from ev'ry ſtain,
And ſave me from eternal pain.

What arrows pierce ſo deep as ſin?
What venom gives ſuch pain within?
Thou, great Phyſician of the ſoul!
Eaſe every pang, and make me whole!

Oh! if I truſt thy ſov'reign ſkill,
With deep ſubmiſſion to thy will,
Sickneſs and death ſhall both agree
To bring me, LORD, at laſt to Thee.

THE HAPPINESS OF EARLY PIETY.

On the Recovery of a Young Lady from a dangerous Illneſs.

MY GOD, thy ſervice well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was the fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praiſe?

Thine arms of everlaſting love,
Did this weak frame ſuſtain:
When life in purple torrents * flow'd
From every ſinking vein.

Calmly I bow'd my fainting head,
On thy dear, faithful breaſt;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal reſt.

* A blood veſſel being broken.

Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a ſpeedier flight,
To my celeſtial home.

Where thou appointeſt my abode,
There would I chooſe to be;
For in thy preſence death is life,
And earth is heaven with Thee.

THE CONTRAST.

WHAT ſcenes of horror and of dread,
Await the ſinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in ſight,
Preſages of eternal night.

His ſins in dreadful order riſe,
And fill his ſoul with ſad ſurpriſe;
Mount Sinai's thunder ſtuns his ears;
And not one ray of hope appears.

Tormenting pangs diſtract his breaſt;
Where'er he turns he finds no reſt:
Death ſtrikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in deſpair and horror dies.

Not ſo the heir of heavenly bliſs:
His ſoul is fill'd with conſcious peace;
A ſteady faith ſubdues his fear;
He ſees the happy CANAAN near.

His mind is tranquil and ſerene;
No terror in his looks is ſeen;
His Saviour's ſmiles diſpel the gloom,
And ſmooth his paſſage to the tomb.

LORD! make my faith and love ſincere,
My judgment ſound, my conſcience clear;
And when the toils of life are paſt,
May I be found in peace at laſt.

THE DYING SAINT.

WHEN life's ſucceſſive ſtorms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly ſhore,
Who liv'd averſe to ſin!
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the ſinner's pleaſure ends,
The good man's joys begin.

See ſmiling patience ſmooth his brow!
See the kind Angels waiting now,
To lift his ſoul on high!
While eager for the bleſt abode,
He joins with them to praiſe the GOD,
Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
Thoſe ſorrows which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom diſplay;

For He who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night deſcend, can turn
Their darkneſs into day.

No ſorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wreſts the ſtruggling ſighs,
As from the ſinner's breaſt:
His GOD, the GOD of peace and love,
Pours ſweeteſt comforts from above,
And ſooths his heart to reſt!

THE TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

A VISION.

—LO! a form divinely bright
Deſcends and burſts upon my ſight:
A Seraph of illuſtrious birth!
(RELIGION was her name on earth)
Supremely ſweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celeſtial grace!
Three ſhining Cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
FAITH, with ſublime and piercing eye,
And pinions flutt'ring for the ſky;
Here HOPE, that ſmiling Angel ſtands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There CHARITY, in robes of white,
Faireſt, and fav'rite maid of light!

The Seraph ſpake——'Tis REASON's part,
'To govern, and to guard the heart;
'To lull the wayward ſoul to reſt,
'When hopes and fears diſtract the breaſt.
'But when the ſtorms of death are nigh,
'And midnight darkneſs veils the ſky,
'Shall REASON *then* direct thy ſail,
'Diſperſe the clouds, or ſink the gale?
'Stranger, this ſkill alone is mine,
'Skill, that tranſcends his ſcanty line.
'Revere thyſelf—Thou'rt near ally'd
'To Angels, on thy better ſide.
'But minds, tho' ſprung from heav'nly race,
'Muſt firſt be tutor'd for the place.
'(The joys above are underſtood,
'And reliſh'd only by the good)
'Who ſhall aſſume this guardian care?
'Who ſhall ſecure their birthright there?
'Souls are MY charge—to me 'tis giv'n,
'To train them for their native heav'n.

'Know, then—WHO early bow the knee,
'And give the willing heart to me;
'Who wiſely, when temptation waits,
'Elude her frauds, and ſpurn her baits;
'Who dare to own my injur'd cauſe,
'Tho' fools deride my ſacred laws;

'Know, that for ſuch ſuperior ſouls,
'There lies a bliſs beyond the poles;
'Where love, where boundleſs friendſhip rules,
'(No friends that change, no love that cools!')
'Where riſing floods of knowledge roll,
'And pour, and pour upon the ſoul!

'But where's the paſſage to the ſkies?'
'The road thro' death's black valley lies.
'Nay, do not ſhudder at my tale:
'Tho dark the ſhades, yet ſafe the vale:
'This path the beſt of men have trod:
'And who'd decline the road to GOD?
'Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die;
'This favour can't be priz'd too high.'

While thus ſhe ſpake, my looks expreſt,
The raptures kindling in my breaſt;
My ſoul a fix'd attention gave;
When the ſtern Monarch of the Grave
With haughty ſtrides approach'd.—Amaz'd
I ſtood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The Seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then haſten'd, with expanded wing,
To meet the pale terrific King.
But now, what milder ſcenes ariſe!
The tyrant drops his hoſtile guiſe.

He ſeems a youth divinely fair;
In graceful ringlets waves his hair,
His wings their whitening plumes diſplay,
His burniſh'd plumes reflect the day;
Light flows his ſhining azure veſt,
And all the angel ſtands confeſt.

I view'd the change with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And oh! I panted for the ſkies;
Thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

THE CHRISTIAN SUPPORTED.

YES, there's a better world on high:
Hope on, thou pious breaſt!
Faint not, thou trav'ller; on the ſky
Thy weary feet ſhall reſt.

Anguiſh may rend each vital part:
Poor man! thy frame how frail!
Yet Heaven's own ſtrength ſhall ſhield thy heart,
When ſtrength and fleſh ſhall fail.

Through death's dread vale of deepeſt ſhade
Thy feet muſt ſurely go:
Yet there, e'en there, walk undiſmay'd;
'Tis thy laſt ſcene of woe.

Jeſus, and with the tend'reſt hand,
Shall guard the trav'ller through:
'Hail!' ſhalt thou cry, 'hail, promis'd land!
'And, wilderneſs, adieu.'

Jeſus, oh! make our ſouls thy care;
Oh! take us all to Thee:
Where'er thou art, we aſk not where:
But there 'tis Heaven to be.

REFLECTIONS ON HEARING THE BELL TOLL FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

HARK!—What a ſolemn, mournful ſound,
Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air:
It ſtrikes the ſoul with awe profound,
Affects the gay, alarms the fair.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud;
Proclaims his conqueſt through the ſkies:
The ſun retires behind a cloud,
And nature ſeems to ſympathize.

It is not hoary, tottering age,
That now lies ſtretch'd beneath his ſtroke:
The tyrant ſtern, that feels his rage;
Th' oppreſſor's rod, that now is broke:

But oh!—'tis generous Cynthio's bell!
Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom;

For Cynthio, ſounds the doleful knell,
And calls him to the ſilent tomb.
But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die;
They leave a grateful, rich perfume:
And now tranſplanted to the ſky,
In Heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark!—Oh, what celeſtial notes,
With grateful accents charm my ear!
As down th' etherial muſic floats,
The ſun breaks forth, the ſkies are clear.
From Heav'n deſcends the joyful ſtrain,
Conveyed to earth on Angel's wings;
To mitigate our grief and pain,
And this the theme of joy it brings:

'Thus write,' the voice from Heav'n proclaims,
'The virtuous dead are ever bleſt!
'Their works immortalize their names,
'Their labours ceaſe, and here they reſt.

'Behold, the Saviour wide diſplays,
'The trophies of his gen'rous love,
'To cheer you through life's thorny ways,
'And lead to flow'ry realms above.

'Tis He that draws death's baneful ſting,
'And bids the grave's dread horrors fly;
'The choirs of Heav'n his triumph ſing,
'And hail him victor through the ſky.'

AT THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG PERSON.

WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful power—I TOO MUST DIE,
Sink deep in every breaſt.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour;
To-morrow, death may come.

The voice of this alarming ſcene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

COMFORT IN GOD UNDER THE LOSS OF FRIENDS

THE GOD of love will ſure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving ſigh,
When righteous perſons fall around,
When tender friends, and kindred die.

Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning paſſions blend;

Nor ſhould our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty, ever-living friend.
Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble fleſh and heart may fail;
Yet ſhall our hope in thee our GOD,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide!
Thou art each tender name in one;
On Thee we caſt our every care,
And comfort ſeek from Thee alone.
Our Father GOD, to Thee we look;
Our rock, our portion, and our friend!
And on thy cov'nant-Love and Truth,
Our ſinking ſouls ſhall ſtill depend.

EMBLEMS OF MAN'S RESURRECTION.

ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and bloſſoms yield;

Reſign the honours of their form
At winter's ſtormy blaſt;
And leave the naked, leafleſs plain,
A deſolated waſte.

Yet ſoon reviving plants and flow'rs,
Anew ſhall deck the plain;

The woods ſhall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

So to the dreary grave conſign'd,
Man ſleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The ſlumbers of the tomb.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THAT ſolemn day will ſoon arrive,
Th' important, the deciſive day,
When from death's awful ſlumber rous'd,
God's dread command all muſt obey.

Deep thunders uſher in the morn,
And, thro' the heavens, tremendous roll:
The wide expanſe is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

In glory, ſee! the Judge deſcends,
Array'd in majeſty and might:
Attended by ten thouſand Saints,
And Angels of celeſtial light.

The trumpets loud and dreadful blaſt,
Sounds through the regions of the dead:
With terror ſome, and ſome with joy,
Riſe from the duſt, their lowly bed.

All righteous and eternal Judge!
When ſummon'd at thy bar to ſtand;

May I, acquitted and approv'd,
Be crown'd with bliſs at thy right hand.

THE BOOKS OPENED.

METHINKS the laſt Great Day is come:
Do I not hear the trumpet ſound,
That ſhakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the priſoners under ground?

The mighty deep gives up her truſt;
Aw'd by the Judge's high command,
Both ſmall and great now quit their duſt,
And round the dread tribunal ſtand.

Behold the awful books diſplay'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heav'n's unerring pen.

LORD, when theſe awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my ſoul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love!

THE FINAL SENTENCE.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful ſound,
Louder than a thouſand thunders,
Shakes the vaſt creation round!

How the ſummons,
Will the Sinner's heart confound!

The Judge deſcends, the dead awaken,
Riſe to life, from earth and ſea:
All the powers of nature ſhaken,
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careleſs Sinner!
What will then become of thee?

Horrors paſt imagination,
Will ſurpriſe your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
'Hence, accurſed wretch, depart!
'Thou with Satan,
'And his angels, have thy part.'

But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the LORD below;
He will ſay, 'Come near, ye bleſſed,
'See the kingdom I beſtow;
'You for ever,
'Shall my love and glory know.'

Under ſorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raiſe!
Swiftly GOD's great day approaches,
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to praiſe:
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

HEAVEN.

O World of bliſs! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore;
How would our ſpirits long to riſe,
And dwell on earth no more!

There pain and ſickneſs never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And pureſt pleaſure reigns.

No malice, ſtrife, or envy there,
The ſons of peace moleſt;
But harmony and love ſincere,
Fill every happy breaſt.

There, no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne,
Spreads everlaſting day.

Oh! may this heav'nly proſpect fire
My heart with ardent love;
May lively faith and ſtrong deſire,
Bear ev'ry thought above.

ETERNAL LIFE.

Eternal Life! how ſweet the ſound
To Sinners who deſerv'd to die!

Proclaim the bliſs, ye nations round:
Echo the joys, ye realms on high!
Eternal life! how will it reign,
When, mounting from its breathleſs clod,
The ſoul, diſcharg'd from ſin and pain,
Aſcends to meet its Father GOD!
Eternal life! how will it bloom
In beauty, on that joyful day,
When reſcu'd from th' impris'ning tomb,
Glory inveſts our riſing clay!
Eternal life! O how refin'd
The joys! the triumphs, how divine!
When ſaints in body, and in mind,
Shall in their Saviour's image ſhine!
Holy and heavenly be that ſoul,
Where dwells a hope ſo bright as this!
How ſhould we long to reach the goal,
And take the prize of endleſs bliſs!

VIRTUOUS FRIENDSHIP RENEWED IN HEAVEN.

IF, when the ſpirit quits her clay-built cell,
Aſcends to Heav'n, with ſpirits pure, to dwell;
The friendſhips form'd on earth their force retain,
And with increaſing ardour ſtill remain;

What raptures muſt poſſeſs the virtuous mind,
(Virtue alone thoſe joys can hope to find)
To meet in worlds of never-ending bliſs,
All whom we lov'd, eſteem'd, rever'd in this!
The long loſt Child ſhall glad the Parent's ſight,
Deck'd in refulgent robes of ſpotleſs light:
Children with grateful ſmiles their Parents greet,
Who fled before them to the bliſsful ſeat.
They, whom th' untimely ſtroke of death diſ-
join'd,
The faithful Pair, by ſacred vows combin'd;
Met in the realms of happineſs; ſhall prove
The true delights of pure, celeſtial love.
And when two hearts whom tender friendſhip
ſways,
On virtue founded, in their earlieſt days;
Who ne'er could wiſh one pleaſure to conceal,
Nor knew one grief but Friendſhip's balm
could heal;
Sincerely anxious for each other's good,
By mutual counſel, ſweet reproof, they ſtood:
When two ſuch ſpirits wing their airy way,
And reach the bright abodes of endleſs day;
Enraptur'd, each the dear-lov'd friend ſhall view,
And ardently their former love renew:
They part no more, nor change their glorious
ſtate,
Completely bleſt beyond the power of fate.

Let us, then form ſuch friendſhips here below,
As only can ſurvive Death's certain blow:
Since Vice, though leagu'd, her truſt will ſoon
betray,
And Folly's airy vows fly ſwift away;
While virtuous Friendſhip ſcorns th' attacks
of time,
Secure to flouriſh in a nobler clime;
Of never-fading happineſs poſſeſt,
In heav'nly manſions of eternal reſt.

FOR

CHILDREN

IN

CHARITY-SCHOOLS.

GRATITUDE FOR THE ADVANTAGES OF A SCHOOL.

GREAT ſource of Good! our youthful lays,
Inſpir'd by thine all bounteous hand,
Unite to celebrate thy praiſe,
Whoſe praiſe is due from ev'ry land.

Though humbly born, yet, through thy care,
Extended wide as boundleſs ſpace,
The pooreſt of us now may ſhare,
The richeſt treaſures of thy grace.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
We owe to thy paternal love:
Aſſiſt us, LORD, while we prepare
For nobler joys in Heav'n above!

Thus may our lips and lives expreſs
The ſenſe we have of love divine;
And, with our lateſt breath, we'll bleſs
Thoſe generous friends who make us thine.

DAILY GRATITUDE.

ALMIGHTY Father, heav'nly King!
Who rul'ſt the worlds above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.

To thee each morning, when we riſe,
Our early vows we pay;
And ere the night has clos'd our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given,
That young ones, ſuch as we, may find
A pleaſant path to heav'n.

May we revere each tender Friend,
Who ſtrives, with pious care,
To ſnatch us from the ills that tend,
Our ſafety to enſnare.

Stretch out, O LORD, thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that bliſsful land,
Where dwells eternal truth.

WALKING TO SCHOOL.

THOU gracious Father of the poor!
To thee my friends I owe:
The bleſſings I receive through them,
All from thy goodneſs flow.

Give me a humble, active mind,
From ſloth and folly free:
Give me a cheerful heart, inclin'd
To truth and piety.

A faithful memory beſtow,
Where knowledge I may ſtore;
And ſtill, O LORD, as more I know,
Let me obey thee more.

Let me things excellent diſcern;
Hold faſt what I approve;
And above all, delight to learn,
The leſſons of thy love.

FOR CHILDREN BEFORE THEY GO TO WORK.

LET us go forth; 'tis GOD commands;
Let us make haſte away;
Offer to him our hearts and hands:
We work for GOD to-day.

When he vouchſafes our hands to uſe,
It makes the labour ſweet;

If any now the work refuſe,
Let not ſuch ſluggards eat.

Who would not do what GOD ordains,
And promiſes to bleſs?
Who would not 'ſcape the toils and pains,
Of ſinful idleneſs?

Then let us in CHRIST's footſteps tread,
And gladly act our part;
On earth employ our hands and head,
While GOD has all our heart.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

IDLE boys and girls are found,
Standing upon Satan's ground:
He will find them work to do;
He will pay their wages too.

Are they not of wiſdom void,
Thoſe that ſaunter unemploy'd?
Young or old, who fondly play,
Their important time away?

What a bold and fooliſh lie,
When we hear a trifler cry,
'I no other buſineſs have!'
Has he not a ſoul to ſave?

Has he from his Lord above,
No one talent to improve?

Let him go and muſe on this,
'Whence his greateſt danger is.'

Sloth is the accurſed root,
Whence ten thouſand evils ſhoot:
Ev'ry vice, and every ſin,
May with idleneſs begin.

By wiſdom taught, to GOD we'll turn;
For our miſpent moments mourn;
Aided by his Spirit's pow'r,
Promiſe to ſtand ſtill no more:

All our time and vigour give;
Serve our Maker while we live:
Uſe for GOD the talents giv'n;
Work on earth, and reſt in heav'n.

GRATITUDE FOR MERCIES TO BODY AND SOUL.

GREAT Father, whoſe all-gracious ear,
The fervent pray'r delights to hear;
And when the young and helpleſs praiſe,
Approves the feeble notes they raiſe:

Let children of the humble poor,
Preſume thy goodneſs to adore,
In all thy tender watchful care;
In all the mercies which they ſhare.

Thy pow'r defends from ev'ry harm;
Thy bounty clothes, and keeps us warm;

Feeds and ſupports our growing frame:
Eternal praiſes to thy name.

But, oh! what homage ſhall we pay,
For bleſſings that attend THY DAY:
When we are taught to read and ſing,
The honours of our heav'nly King!

Delightful is thy worſhip, LORD;
With joy we come to hear thy word;
Unite in pray'r and praiſe to Thee,
And habits form of piety.

IRREVERENCE IN DIVINE WORSHIP REPROVED.

IN GOD's own houſe, for me to play,
Where Chriſtians meet to hear and pray;
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt th' Almighty to his face.

When Angels bow before the LORD,
And Devils tremble at his word;
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and ſport, and trifle there?

When Death, the king of fears, ſhall come
To call me to my lateſt home;
The thoughts of ſuch a ſhameful part,
With bitter pain would pierce my heart.

A PRAYER FOR IMPROVEMENT OF BLESSINGS ENJOYED.

GREAT God of love! to thee we owe,
Whatever we enjoy;
Our ev'ry bleſſing here below;
Our hopes beyond the ſky.
All that our gen'rous friends impart,
LORD, we refer to thee:
Thy mercy touch'd each pitying heart,
And thine the glory be.

Bleſt as we are, in humble pray'r,
We ſeek the GOD of love:
Help us, each privilege we ſhare,
With wiſdom to improve.
The duties of our little ſphere,
Aſſiſt us to fulfil;
And mark'd, let ev'ry act appear,
With rev'rence for thy will.

Then ſhall we riſe from ſcenes below,
Before thy face to dwell;
When Mercy's children all ſhall know
A bliſs no tongue can tell.

And ſhould our pious Patrons ſee,
In the bright worlds above,
Own'd and accepted, LORD, of thee,
The objects of thier love;

How will their gladden'd hearts renew
Their ſong of grateful praiſe;
And with what unknown joys, review
The bounty of theſe days!

CONTENTMENT AND THANKFULNESS.

MAKER of num'rous worlds unknown,
Great Parent of mankind!
Let youthful ſongs, and early pray'rs,
Divine acceptance find.

Thy gracious hand, to different ranks,
Hath diff'rent taſks aſſign'd;
'Tis our's to tread the lower path,
And bear an humble mind.

'Tis our's, with induſtry and care
To earn our daily food:
We are not likely to be great,
But, ſurely, may be good.

Labour will ſweeten plain repaſt,
And peace will give us reſt;
But 'tis thy favour crowns the whole,
And makes our ſtation bleſt.

When thus we work, when thus we live,
Our Patrons will rejoice,
To ſee the poor to knowledge brought,
And making God their choice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON EARLY RISING.

How fooliſh they who lengthen night,
And ſlumber in the morning light!
How ſweet, at early morning's riſe,
To view the glories of the ſkies,
And mark with curious eye the ſun
Prepare his radiant courſe to run!
Its faireſt form then nature wears,
And clad in brighteſt green appears.
The ſprightly lark, with artleſs lay,
Proclaims the entrance of the day.
How ſweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feaſt the eyes with nature's bloom!
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the muſic of the grove!
Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
Neglect to taſte the morning air;

This will your nerves with vigour brace,
Improve and heighten every grace,
Add to your breath a rich perfume,
And to your cheeks a fairer bloom!
With luſtre teach your eyes to glow,
And health and cheerfulneſs beſtow.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

LO! the bright, the roſy morning,
Calls me forth to take the air:
Cheerful ſpring, with ſmiles returning,
Uſhers in the new-born year.

Nature now in all her beauty,
With her gently-moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleaſing duty,
Of a grateful morning ſong.

See the early bloſſoms ſpringing,
See the jocund lambkins play;
Hear the lark and linnet ſinging
Welcome to the new-born day.

Vernal muſic ſoftly ſounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove:
Nature now with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

Now the kind refreſhing ſhowers,
Water all the plains around

Springing graſs, and painted flowers,
In the ſmiling meads abound.
Now their vernal dreſs aſſuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees;
Odours now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly ſwell the gentle breeze.

Praiſe to Thee, thou great Creator!
Praiſe be thine from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my ſoul, with ev'ry creature;
Join the univerſal ſong;
For ten thouſand bleſſings given;
For the richeſt gifts beſtow'd;
Sound his praiſe through earth and heav'n;
Sound Jehovah's praiſe aloud.

TO SPRING.

WELCOME, ſweet ſeaſon of delight!
What beauties charm the wond'ring ſight,
In thy enchanting reign!
How freſh deſcends the morning dew,
While opening flow'rs of various hue,
Bedeck the ſprightly plain!

The artleſs warblers of the grove,
Again unite in ſongs of love,
To bleſs thy kind return:

But firſt the lark, who, ſoaring ſeems,
To hail th' glorious ſun, whoſe beams
With freſh refulgence burn.

The mind, with thoughts of good poſſeſt,
With innocence and virtue bleſt,
Untaught in folly's ways;
May taſte thoſe joys by nature giv'n;
May lift th' enraptur'd eye to heav'n,
And their great Author praiſe.

Stern winter's gloomy ſeaſon paſt,
We ſee fair ſpring advancing faſt,
With ſummer in the rear:
Soon autumn's ſhades will interpoſe,
And a ſucceeding winter cloſe,
The ſwift revolving year.

Of human life an emblem true:
The early morn of youth we view,
In ſpring's delightful face;
Meridian life's a ſummer's day:
With autumn fades: its quick decay,
In winter's blaſt we trace.

Then let us prize each fleeting hour,
Improve the moments in our pow'r,
Ere time ſhall ceaſe to be:
Then ſhall our ſpirits, taking wing,
Be crown'd with an eternal ſpring,
From wintry ſtorms ſet free.

THE FLOWERS.

THE HELIOTROPE.

THROUGH all the changes of the day,
I turn me to the ſun:
In clear or cloudy ſkies, I ſay,
Alike—*thy will be done!*

THE VIOLET.

A lowly flower, in ſecret bow'r,
Inviſible I dwell;
For bleſſings made, without parade,
Known only by my ſmell.

THE LILY.

Emblem of Him, in whom no ſtain,
The eye of Heav'n could ſee:
In all their glory, Monarchs vain,
Are not array'd like me.

THE ROSE.

With raviſh'd heart, that crimſon hail,
Which in my boſom glows:
Think how the Lily of the vale,
Became like Sharon's roſe.

THE PRIMROSE.

When time's dark winter ſhall be o'er,
Its ſtorms and tempeſts laid;

Like me, you'll riſe a fragrant flower,
But not like me to fade.

THE GARDEN.

The bower of innocence and bliſs,
Sin caus'd to diſappear:
Repent, and walk in faith and love,
You'll find an Eden here.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A NOSEGAY.

THOU can'ſt not ſteal the Roſe's bloom,
To decorate thy face:
But the ſweet bluſh of Modeſty,
Will lend an equal grace.

Theſe Violets ſcent the diſtant gale,
(Beneath, in lowly bed,)
So real worth new merit gains,
By diffidence o'erſpread.

Nor wilt thou e'er that Lily's white,
In thy complexion find;
Yet Innocence may ſhine as fair,
Within thy ſpotleſs mind.

Now, in the op'ning ſpring of life,
Let every flow'ret bloom:
The budding Virtues in thy breaſt
Shall yield the beſt perfume.

This Noſegay, in thy boſom plac'd,
A moral may convey;
For ſoon its brighteſt tints ſhall fade,
And all its ſweets decay.

So ſhort-liv'd are the lovely tribes,
Of Flora's tranſient reign:
They bud, blow, wither, fall, and die;
Then turn to earth again.

And thus, my dear, muſt ev'ry charm,
Which Youth is proud to ſhare;
Alike this quick ſucceſſion prove,
And the ſame truth declare.

Sickneſs will change the roſeate hue,
Which glowing health beſpeaks;
And age will wrinkle with its cares
The ſmile on beauty's cheeks.

But as that fragrant Myrtle wreath,
Will all the reſt ſurvive;
So ſhall the Mental graces ſtill,
Through endleſs ages live.

THE PRIMROSE AND BRAMBLE.

ADDRESSED TO TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

WHEN nature wore her lovelieſt bloom,
And fields and hedges breath'd perfume;

When every painted child of ſpring,
Flutter'd in air its little wing;
Pleas'd as I rang'd a verdant field,
(Each ſcene can ſome inſtruction yield)
Beneath a hedge within my view,
A BRAMBLE and a PRIMROSE grew.
Fancy, that all-creative power,
Can give a tongue to every flow'r:
And thus, as I purſu'd my walk,
To fancy's ear, they ſeem'd to talk.
The Bramble rear'd her thorny head,
And to her humble neighbour ſaid;
'Alas! thou poor, unhappy thing,
'Not bleſs'd with either thorn or ſting;
'What ſhall protect, if this lone ſhade,
'The traveller's trampling feet invade?
'Me, ſhould he dare to touch, with ſpeed,
'He ſhould repent th' audacious deed:
'Such inſolence I'd ſoon repay,
'And ſend him bleeding hence away.'
His boaſt the Primroſe meekly hears,
Nor felt from thence uneaſy fears;
Since thorns, ſhe deem'd, a leſs defence,
Than unoffending innocence.
Ere long, to ſhun Sol's ſcorching rays,
Cloſe to the hedge, a traveller ſtrays:
The Bramble did, as ſhe had plann'd;
And deeply ſcratch'd his paſſing hand.

The man, reſentful of the deed,
Soon rooted up the worthleſs weed;
Toſs'd it, indignant, from his ſight,
That none might ſuffer from its ſpite:
While undiſturb'd the Primroſe blooms,
And all admire its ſweet perfumes.

My deareſt Girls! the tale attend,
And learn this maxim from a Friend;
This maxim often taught in vain;
'Ill-nature ſtill produces pain:
'At others, though ſhe aim her dart,
'It turns and pierces her own heart;
'While meekneſs does the ſoul engage,
'Admir'd, belov'd in youth and age.'

THE WHEAT AND WEEDS.

A FABLE.

YE Fair, who for inſtruction read,
And ye who but amuſement heed,
Attend: a Fable both may pleaſe;
Give truth to thoſe, and mirth to theſe:
The ſtory may the one amuſe;
The other may the moral chooſe.

'Twas in a pleaſant month of ſpring,
When flow'rets bloom and warblers ſing;
A field of wheat began to riſe;
The farmer's hope, his country's prize.

When lo! amid the op'ning ears,
A various crop of weeds appears.
The poppy, ſoldier-like array'd,
Its flimſy ſcarlet flow'rs diſplay'd.
Some, like the lofty ſky, were blue;
And ſome were ting'd with golden hue;
But every where the wheat was ſeen,
Clad in one robe of modeſt green.
It chanc'd three youths, in city bred,
That knew to eat—not raiſe their bread;
For pleaſure's ſake had rambled there,
To ſee the ſun, and breathe freſh air.
Of herbs and grain they little knew
What Linnæus* wrote, or Sinclair† grew:
But each, as o'er the field they gaz'd,
What fancy led to, pluck'd and prais'd.
'See,' ſaid the firſt, 'this flow'r ſo red,
'That gently bows its bluſhing head:
'Can the whole field a plant diſplay,
'So rich, ſo noble, and ſo gay?'
'Yes,' ſaid the next, 'the flow'r I ſhow,
'With ſtar-like rays, and ſky-like blue,

* Sir Charles Linnæus, who improved the ſtudy of Plants.

† Sir John Sinclair, Preſident of the Board of Agriculture.

'So much does your dull plant outſhine,
'That the beſt choice is ſurely mine.
'Stop,' ſaid the the third, 'the flow'r I hold,
'With cluſter'd leaves of burniſh'd gold,
'Than your's, or his, is richer dreſt:
'And doubtleſs I have choſe the beſt.'
In this, however, each agreed,
That nothing could his own exceed;
And that the riſing blades of green,
Did not deſerve to grow between.
A Farmer chanc'd, behind the gate,
To overhear the youths debate;
Knowing from ign'rance error ſprings,
He ſtrove to teach them better things.
'My lads,' he ſaid, 'now underſtand,
'Theſe are but weeds that ſpoil our land;
'But the green blades you trample down
'Are wheat—man's food, and nature's crown.
'With art and pains the crop is ſown;
'And thus your daily bread is grown.
'Alas! your judgment was not right,
'Becauſe you judg'd from OUTWARD ſight.'
Thus having read the Fable through;
Ye Fair! attend the moral too.
The poppy may prefigure well
The gay, the flimſy, painted Belle:

The catnache blue may ſerve to name
The proud, conceited, flirting dame.
The yellow catlip may unfold,
The heart whoſe only care is gold:
But in the wheat we ſee portray'd
The humble, virtuous, pious maid.
Mere outſide ſhow, a fool may ſtrike,
And beaux may dreſs and tinſel like.
A head which vain conceit hath ſeiz'd,
May be with affectation pleas'd.
A ſordid mind, in virtue poor,
May catch at any golden lure.
Theſe may be pleas'd awhile, and play,
With any trifle for a day:
But ſoon the wretched heart ſhall know,
The emptineſs of outſide ſhow.
If this is all the worth you boaſt,
Ye are but painted weeds at moſt.
But ſhe whoſe mind, like cultur'd ground,
With crops of early grace abound;
Tho' not ſo gay, ſo rich, ſo proud,
As to attract the thoughtleſs crowd;
Yet, by the wiſe, diſcerning good,
Her riſing worth is underſtood.
Her *excellence* their *ſhow* exceeds,
As much as Wheat out-values Weeds.

VIRTUE AND VICE PROGRESSIVE.

IF GOOD we plant not, VICE will fill the mind,
And weeds take up the ſpace for flow'rs deſign'd.
The human heart ne'er knows a ſtate of reſt;
Bad leads to worſe, and better tends to beſt:
We either gain or loſe, we ſink or riſe;
Nor reſts our ſtruggling nature till it dies.
Thoſe very paſſions that our peace invade,
If rightly pointed, bleſſings may be made:
Then riſe, my Friend, above terreſtrial aims;
Direct the ardour which your breaſt inflames,
To that pure region of eternal joys,
Where fear diſturbs not, nor poſſeſſion cloys:
Preſs eager onward to thoſe bliſsful plains,
Where one unbounded ſpring for ever reigns!

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

A FABLE.

ON a bright dewy ſummer's morn,
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to huſband ev'ry hour,
And make the moſt of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from ſtalk to ſtalk ſhe flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artiſt builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:

Or from the cowſlip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting roſe purſues,
Or ſips the lily's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the ſhining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus ſhe diſcharg'd, in every way,
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whoſe brow was wrinkled o'er with care:
A great economiſt was ſhe,
Nor leſs laborious than the Bee:
By prudent parents often taught
What ills ariſe from want of thought;
That poverty on ſloth attends,
On poverty, the loſs of friends.
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found,
With anxious ſteps to tread the ground;
With curious ſearch to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleaſure ſaw
The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
Ah! ſiſter-labourer, ſays ſhe,
How very fortunate are we,
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,

Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and ſtate!
Why is our food ſo very ſweet?
Becauſe we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants ſo very few?
Becauſe we nature's calls purſue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Becauſe we act our parts aſſign'd.
Have we inceſſant taſks to do?
Is not all nature buſy too?
Doth not the ſun, with conſtant pace,
Perſiſt to run his annual race?
Do not the ſtars, which ſhine ſo bright,
Renew their courſes every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous ſteed,
Withhold his labour or his ſpeed?
If you all nature's ſyſtem ſcan,
The only idle thing is Man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their ſage diſcourſe, and ſtraight drew near:
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthleſs and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a ſpray ſhe ſat,
The little friends were deep in chat:

That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their ſcheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breaſt;
She thought them arrant prudes at beſt.
When to diſplay her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She view'd the Ant with ſavage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to ſnatch her prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And gueſs'd her fell deſign to kill;
Aſk'd her from whence her anger roſe,
And why ſhe treated ants as foes?
The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the converſation ran.

Whenever I'm diſpos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every inſect made for me.
Hence oft I ſearch the emmet-brood,
For emmets are delicious food:
And oft in wantonneſs and play,
I ſlay ten thouſand in a day.

A prowling cat the miſcreant ſpies,
And wide expands her amber eyes;
Near and more near Grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, portends her paws;

Then ſpringing on her thoughtleſs prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton Sparrow, dy'd.

AN AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

IN fading grandeur, lo! the trees
Their tarniſh'd honours ſhed;
While ev'ry leaf-compelling breeze
Lays their dim verdure dead.
Ere long the genial breath of Spring,
Shall all their charms renew;
And flow'rs, and fruit, and foliage bring,
All-pleaſing to the view!
Not ſuch is man's appointed fate:
One ſpring alone he knows;
One ſummer, one autumnal ſtate,
One winter's dead repoſe.
Yet, not the dreary ſleep of death,
Shall e'er his pow'rs deſtroy;
But man ſhall draw immortal breath
In endleſs pain or joy.
Important thought—Ye mortals! hear
On what your peace depends;
The voice of truth invites your ear,
And this the voice ſhe ſends;

'When virtue glows with youthful charms,
'How bright the vernal ſkies!
'When virtue, like the ſummer, warms,
'What golden harveſts riſe!
'When vices ſpring without countroul,
'What bitter fruits appear!
'A wintry darkneſs wraps the ſoul,
'And horrors cloſe the year!
'Let youths to virtue's ſhrine repair,
'And men their tribute bring;
'Old age ſhall drop its load of care,
'And death ſhall loſe its ſting.
'Borne upward on ſeraphic wing,
'Their happy ſouls ſhall ſoar,
'And there enjoy eternal ſpring,
'Nor fear a winter more.'

WINTER.

BLEAK o'er the plain, the winds tremendous blow,
Of pureſt white the fleecy ſhower deſcends;
The ice-arreſted ſtream forgets to flow,
And all its horrors rig'rous winter lends.

Now ye, who fortune's various gifts enjoy,
Who baſk in ſunſhine of her warmeſt rays;

Ye whom nor tempeſt, cold, nor want, annoy,
Whoſe days glide on in affluence and eaſe;
Let not your heart by gaiety miſled,
Be render'd callous to the tale of woe;
But clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,
Forbid the tears of wretchedneſs to flow.
For know, your fortune is the gift of Heav'n;
But not by Heav'n for you alone deſign'd;
In truſt for generous purpoſes 'twas given,
And proves a bleſſing to a generous mind.

HUMANITY.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
The pleaſing taſk of ſoft'ning others woe;
Stranger to joys that pity can impart,
And tears ſweet ſympathy can teach to flow!
Pity the man who hears the moving tale
Unmov'd; to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown,
On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
Nor made the good man's injur'd cauſe his own.
The ſplendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
The glare of pride and pomp, be grandeur thine:

To wipe from miſery's eye the falling tear,
And ſooth the oppreſſed orphan's woes, be mine.

Be mine the bluſh of modeſt worth to ſpare;
To change to ſmiles affliction's riſing ſigh:
The kindred warmth of charity to ſhare,
Till joy ſhall ſparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.

Can the loud laugh, the mirth-inſpiring bowl,
The dance or choral ſong, or jocund glee,
Affect the glowing, ſympathizing ſoul,
Or warm the breaſt, HUMANITY, like thee?

THE AFRICAN.

O YE! whoſe hearts are ſteel'd againſt diſtreſs,
Who e'en your fellow-creatures can oppreſs;
Say, by what law does Sable yield to White;
And whence, o'er Africs harmleſs ſons, thy right
To ſeize and haul them from their native ſhore,
Force them to toil to ſwell a maſter's ſtore?
To break the deareſt, ſtrongeſt ties of life,
Rend from the huſband's arms the much-lov'd wife?
The tender youth, from parents ſnatch'd away,
O'er ſable nations might have held the ſway.
Perhaps ſome princeſs to an empire born,
Sad change of ſtate! from friends and country torn,

To bear th' oppreſſive yoke, to feel the thong,
And drag a weight of miſery along!
Were they not made by that Creator's hand,
Who form'd the natives of a fairer land?
Are not their ſpecies and our own the ſame,
In colour only differing, not in name?
By nature are they not endu'd with pow'rs,
Affections, feelings, ſenſe and life like ours?
And ſhall we rob them of the bliſs deſign'd
By Heav'n, the common right of all mankind?
Of liberty, to ev'ry ſoul moſt dear?
Oh Britons! bluſh. No more the cenſure bear:
Then ſhall our land with added greatneſs riſe,
Bleſt by the mighty Pow'r who rules the ſkies;
In whoſe eſteem the ſwarthy Ethiop ſtands,
High as the faireſt ſons of Europe's lands.
O come, ſweet MERCY, angel-form! divine!
Deign o'er the world with ſofteſt beams to ſhine;
Let heav'n-inſpir'd Philanthropy increaſe,
And thro' each realm ſpread Liberty and Peace.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SAY, lordly Man, of pow'rs poſſeſt,
Beyond what other creatures know;
Say, can the mind with reaſon bleſt,
A want of feeling ſhow?

To thy domain all beaſts belong:
Yet why ſo mercileſs thy ſway?
Why to the harmleſs, uſeful throng,
Such cruelty betray?

There's nought that ſpreads in air its wings,
That crops the graſs, or ſkims the main,
But what its accuſation brings,
And does of man complain.

The bird laments its plunder'd neſt;
Her mate ſhot breathleſs at her ſide:
"A pair" ſhe cries, "thus fondly bleſt,
"Shall ſportive hands divide?"

The patient aſs, or nobler horſe,
Who ne'er to man their aid refuſe;
Can tyrant man, without remorſe,
Unfeelingly abuſe?

Nor theſe alone their claims aſſert:
Each guiltleſs creature you oppreſs,
Appeals to every feeling heart,
For pity and redreſs.

Is't not enough, vain mortal, ſay,
Their lives to feed thee myriads give;
But muſt thou with unfeeling ſway,
Diſtreſs them while they live?

'Tis not for this the Lord of all,
His creatures to thy pow'r ſubjects;

For thy revenge, or ſport to fall,
As folly's choice directs.
Let all thy kind compaſſion ſhare,
Through nature's univerſal frame;
Whatever breathes thy kindred air,
Or feels the vital flame.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH Happineſs! thou great and only end,
To which our wiſhes and our labours tend;
How art thou found, or in what diſtant land?
Can riches buy thee, or can power command?
No! happineſs nought outward can beſtow;
But on ourſelves depends our bliſs or woe.
The like events in life occur to all:
The bad oft flouriſh, while the virtuous fall.
Yet vice is wretched e'en while it ſucceeds,
And virtue ſtill is happy though it bleeds,
Approving conſcience yields a ſecret joy,
Which fortune cannot give, nor yet deſtroy:
To act thy part aright to thee is given;
Be this thy care, the reſt belongs to Heaven.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

SINCE trifles make the ſum of human things,
And half our mis'ry from our foibles ſprings;

Since life's beſt joys conſiſt in peace and eaſe,
And few can ſave, or ſerve, but all can pleaſe;
Oh! let th' ungentle ſpirit learn from hence,
A ſmall unkindneſs is a great offence.
Large bounties to beſtow, we wiſh in vain:
But all may ſhun the guilt of giving pain.
To bleſs mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
High pow'r to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heav'n decrees
To all the gift of miniſt'ring to eaſe:
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above.
The mild forbearance of another's fault;
The taunting word ſuppreſs'd as ſoon as thought;
On theſe Heav'n bade the ſweets of life depend,
And cruſh'd ill fortune when it made a Friend.

A ſolitary bleſſing few can find:
Our joys with thoſe we love are intertwin'd;
And he whoſe wakeful tenderneſs removes
Th' obſtructing thorn which wounds the breaſt he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But ſcatters roſes to adorn his own.
Small ſlights, contempt, neglect, unmix'd with hate,
Make up in numbers what they want in weight:

Theſe and a thouſand griefs minute as theſe,
Corrode our comforts, and deſtroy our peace.

THE FRIEND.

HE is a Friend, who ſcorns the little ſphere
Of narrow ſelf, and finds a joy ſincere
To ſee another bleſt; whoſe gen'rous heart,
To all around, would happineſs impart,
If happineſs were his: whoſe boſom glows
With warmth, the frozen ſtoic never knows.
If griefs oppreſs, or threat'ning woes impend,
Dear ſolace then, to find a real Friend!
He is a real Friend, whoſe paſſions know
The anguiſh of communicated woe;
Who feels the deep diſtreſs when ſorrow mourns,
And from his inmoſt heart the ſigh returns.
The kindred ſigh conveys a ſtrange relief:
How ſoothing is ſociety in grief!
Leſs are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
Which gentle ſympathizing friendſhip ſhares.
When humbly at the throne of grace we bend,
And aſk its kindeſt bleſſings for a friend;
When for a friend our warmeſt wiſhes riſe,
In holy breathings to the pitying ſkies;
The ſacred precept warrants thoſe deſires,
And Heav'n will ſure approve what Heav'n
inſpires.

O may I make my friend's diſtreſs my own,
Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone:
In ſorrow, may I never want a Friend,
Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend!

THE CONTENTED PAIR.

IF ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow:
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow;
And peace begins at home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark:
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird, once more,
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then, how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To wiſh no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore, reliſh with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our power:

And if our ſtore be very ſmall,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.
To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear MIRA, this is wiſdom's part;
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance reaches heav'n.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go:
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps we'll tread:
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:
While Conſcience, like a faithful Friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind Angel, whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

THE FIELD MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A MOUSE, the ſleekeſt of the train,
That ever ſtole the farmer's grain,

Grew tir'd of acorns, wheat and peas,
And long'd to feed on ſavoury cheeſe.
A travell'd ſir, a mouſe of ſpirit,
Endow'd with wit, but little merit,
In evil hour a viſit paid,
And turn'd his inexperienc'd head,
With ſtories of I know not what—
The comforts of the ſhepherd's cot;
The plenty of the farmer's barn,
And granaries replete with corn;
But moſt the luxury and waſte
Of houſes own'd by men of taſte,
Where a man-cook conſumes the meat,
Yet leaves enough for MICE to eat;
And in whoſe pantry, cheeſe and ham,
Invite a colony to cram.
The longing Mouſe the ſtory hears;
He feels alternate hopes and fears.
His friend's advice he dares purſue,
And bids his rural friends adieu.

When night her ſable curtain ſpread,
And all was ſilent as the dead,
Our hero crept along the way
His friend had pointed out by day:
And ent'ring at the cellar door,
Aſcended to the pantry floor.
Behind a table there he lies,
And thinks himſelf ſecure and wiſe:

At morn a plenteous ſcene appears,
Enough to ſerve him many years:
(The reliques of a ſumptuous dinner,
Are tempting to a young beginner)
He peeps, and thinks he may come out,
To taſte a bit, and look about:
No foe appears, and bolder grown,
He views the treaſure as his own;
Then ſallying forth in open day,
Eats all that comes within his way.
But ſoon the greaſy COOK is ſeen—
The mouſe looks pitiful and mean;
Scouts from the dreſſer in a fright,
Yet does not 'ſcape his watchful ſight.
The gnaw'd remains of viands rare,
Are taken from the ſhelf with care,
And in their place a TRAP is ſet,
To make the thief repay the debt.
The mouſe, at evening, dares to peep,
And thinks his foe is faſt aſleep:
The ſavoury cheeſe his fancy draws,
Within the TRAP's unfeeling jaws.
He finds too late his error there,
And dies upon the fatal ſnare:
A victim unto bad advice,
A leſſon to imprudent mice,
Who, diſcontented with their home,
To gayer ſcenes deſire to roam.

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays,
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
More pleaſe the eye, and gain our praiſe
Than beauty's ſelf, if loſt to fame.

But the ſweet tear in pity's eye,
Outſhines the diamond's brighteſt beams;
And the ſoft bluſh of modeſty,
More precious than the ruby ſeems.

The glowing gem, the ſparkling ſtone,
May ſtrike the ſight with quick ſurpriſe;
But TRUTH and INNOCENCE alone,
Have charms to win the good and wiſe.

No glitt'ring ornament, or ſhow,
Will aught avail in grief or pain:
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever ſhall remain.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY, what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I muſt ne'er enjoy?
What are the bleſſings of the ſight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you ſee,
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright;

I feel him warm, but how can he,
Or make it day or night?
My day or night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I ſleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy ſighs I often hear
You mourn my hapleſs woe;
But ſure with patience I can bear
A loſs I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind deſtroy;
While thus I ſing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all-gracious Providence!
Can I deſerve thy care?
Ah! no: I've not the leaſt pretence,
To bounties which I ſhare,
Have I not been defended ſtill,
From dangers and from death;
Been ſafe preſerv'd from ev'ry ill
Since thou didſt give me breath?

I live once more, to ſee the day
That brought me firſt to light:

Oh! teach my willing heart the way,
To take thy mercies right.
Though dazzling ſplendour, pomp, and ſhow,
My fortune has denied;
Yet, more than grandeur can beſtow,
Content hath well ſupplied.

No ſtrife has e'er diſturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And that I'm bleſs'd with health and eaſe,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train or dreſs;
Nor has my pride e'er ſtretch'd its aim,
Beyond what I poſſeſs.

I aſk and wiſh not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
LORD, make me wiſer ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

'He that will not work, let him not eat.' 2 Theſ. iii. 10.

THE ANTS, a prudent, painful train,
Brought forth, and dry'd their heaps of grain.
A GRASSHOPPER, half-ſtarv'd, went by,
Who bow'd, and begg'd their charity;

To whom a hoary Ant reply'd,
'In harveſt, how's your time employ'd?'
'I ſing,' the inſect ſaid, 'and play,
'To make the lab'ring peaſants gay.'
'Ah!' cry'd the Ant, 'how juſt the chance!
'As then you ſung, you now may dance.
'In vain you here for food apply:
'I'll feed no idle folks, not I.'

THE GOLDFINCH AND THE CRICKET.

A FABLE.

IN a fair valley ſtood a cot;
Who liv'd within, it matters not:
Their cheer was good, and good their fire,
As any Cricket could deſire.
Of theſe there roſe a num'rous race,
And flouriſh'd in that peaceful place.
At length, a Cricket did ariſe,
In voice and beauty, ſtrength and ſize,
So very much above the reſt,
All his ſuperior grace confeſt.
Thus daily flatter'd, prais'd, admir'd,
His little ſoul with pride was fir'd:
He vain, and ſelf-conceited grew;
Nor thought they gave him half his due:
Fancy'd no bird could ſing ſo fine,
Nor yet, in beauty, brighter ſhine,

In the ſame cot a Goldfinch hung,
Which ev'ry day melodious ſung:
By nature's hand all gayly dreſt,
In party-colour'd, ſhining veſt:
The reptile, with keen envy ſtung,
Oft gaz'd and liſten'd while he ſung.

One day the cot deſerted lay;
Both family, and dog away;
No ſound was heard but Dicky's note,
Who ſweetly ſwell'd his downy throat.
The Cricket heard, and up he peep'd;
The coaſt ſeem'd clear, ſo out he leap'd;
Vainly puff'd up with pamper'd pride,
Thus to the beauteous bird he cried.

Proud thing! thy noiſe, I prithee ceaſe,
And let the houſe remain in peace.
Perhaps becauſe aloft thou'rt rais'd,
'Cauſe daily fed, and daily prais'd,
Thou think'ſt thy voice more ſweet than mine,
And that thy beauties brighter ſhine.
But know, I am ſo wond'rous fair,
No Cricket can with me compare;
In ſtrength and ſize, ſuperior found,
No Cricket half ſo high can bound.
Thy frightful legs, and hideous claws,
Are quite unlike my pretty paws.

And know, thou monſt'rous painted thing,
I, ſweet and loud as thou, can ſing.
With that, he rais'd his hideous note,
And almoſt rent his ſhrieking throat;
Then leap'd ſo high, at ev'ry ſtroke,
His ſlender legs he almoſt broke.
The Crickets heard, with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
Their comrade's voice tremendous riſe:
So young and old came peeping out,
And ſaw him wildly friſk about;
Admir'd the monſtrous leaps he made,
And one and all, pronounc'd him mad.
The lovely bird, devoid of pride,
With placid air, unmov'd reply'd;
Poor ſilly, ſelf-conceited thing!
Like me thou can'ſt not look, nor ſing.
Know, fool, all who from nature ſtray,
Reſolv'd to ſhine a different way,
Attempt to force what ſhe denies,
And, ſpite of her, be fair or wiſe,
Her council with diſdain reject,
And what ſhe never meant, affect,
Ne'er fail to make themſelves a jeſt:
To FOLLOW NATURE's always beſt.
Folly were rare, did SHE but rule:
'Tis affectation makes the fool.
The loweſt creatures ever ſeen;
Though poor in parts, in perſon mean;

If close they follow Nature's rules,
Are ne'er despis'd, except by fools.
Then, prithee, poor conceited elf,
Retire, and learn to know thyself;
Contented rest with Nature's will,
And be a shrieking cricket still.

Thus spoke the bird, but spoke in vain:
The reptile heard him with disdain:
And, no surprise; for wisdom's rules,
Are always thrown away on fools.

The Cricket with these truths was stung;
Rage choak'd his words, and ty'd his tongue;
Madly he leap'd, with pride elate,
Regardless of impending fate;
Nor once observ'd a watchful Cat,
Who in a corner slily sat.
Puss ey'd him, as he madly hopp'd,
And soon as in her reach he dropp'd,
With eager, sudden, well-aim'd spring,
She bounc'd upon the vaunting thing;
One shriek he gave with parting breath,
And sunk in everlasting death.
Thus to his folly and his pride,
The silly wretch a victim dy'd;
Content with Nature, had he rested,
He had not been by Puss molested.

THE DROWNING FLY.

IN yonder glaſs, behold a drowning fly!
Its little feet, how vainly does it ply!
Poor helpleſs inſect! and will no one ſave?
Will no one ſnatch thee from the threat'ning grave?
My finger's top ſhall prove a friendly ſhore:
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er;
Wipe thy wet wings, and baniſh all thy fear:
Go, join thy num'rous kindred in the air.
Away it flies, reſumes its harmleſs play,
And lightly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile not, ſpectators, at this humble deed,
For you, perhaps, a nobler taſk's decreed:
A young and ſinking family to ſave;
To raiſe the thoughtleſs from deſtruction's wave!
To you, for help, the wretched lift their eyes:
Oh! hear, for pity's ſake, their plaintive cries;
Ere long, unleſs ſome guardian interpoſe,
O'er their devoted heads, the floods may cloſe.

THE TWO DIAMONDS.

A CURIOUS cab'net open flew,
And gave its treaſures to my view.
Here butterflies, a beauteous band,
The plumage of their wings expand:
Here ſhells were rang'd in ample ſtore,
Ranſack'd from ev'ry ſea and ſhore.

A cell diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Two Diamonds, of great worth poſſeſt
One cut with care and poliſh'd fine;
The other rough from nature's mine.
The unwrought Stone, in language clear,
Thus ſeem'd to ſay in Fancy's ear:
Ah! ſiſter gem, amaz'd, I ſee,
The diff'rence now 'tween you and me:
Time was, when far remov'd from day,
Deep in Golconda's mine we lay,
In equal rudeneſs, ſide by ſide,
Unknown to fame, unſeen by pride:
But now, and truth muſt own it due,
All admiration falls on you.
While you, in every change of light,
Refulgent flaſh upon the ſight;
What eye but joys to meet your rays!
What tongue but wantons in your praiſe!
The poliſh'd Diamond, void of pride,
In modeſt accents thus reply'd:
The bright perfections which you ſee,
Are native both to you and me:
Nature to both alike was kind,
And both for equal ends deſign'd.
But know, though nature forms with eaſe,
'Tis art muſt give the power to pleaſe.
The artiſt, with aſſiduous care,
Proportion'd fine, and poliſh'd fair,

Call'd into life each brilliant hue,
And wak'd the lightning that you view.
But Oh! had chance withheld her ſkill,
I had remain'd unnotic'd ſtill.
The time may come when you ſhall ſhine
With luſtre far ſurpaſſing mine.
My lovely Friend, you here may find
An emblem of the human mind.
Uneducated Nature's child,
Is ignorant, and rude, and wild:
To Reaſon's power has ſmall pretence;
Ideas few, but thoſe of ſenſe.
But EDUCATION, heav'nly art!
Does every needful aid impart;
And, with a gentle pow'r controul
Each wayward paſſion of the ſoul:
It gives the virtues, gives their grace,
Adds beauties to the faireſt face:
It gives a thouſand charms to ſhine,
And makes the human ſoul divine.

THE WISH.

GIVE me, kind Heaven, the middle ſtate,
Not meanly poor, nor proudly great!
I aſk not wealth; no power I crave;
Let me not have, nor be, a ſlave.
The duty I to others owe,
Teach thou, my erring heart, to know.

Yet let me never anxious be,
For duty others owe to me;
But think, e'er I too much expect,
What higher duties I neglect.
Leſs let me others errors mind,
Than thoſe within myſelf I find;
Averſe to make their foibles known,
As careful to conceal my own:
And leſt I do another wrong,
Reſtrain the licence of my tongue.
The ills, as mortal, I muſt ſhare,
Make me without repining bear,
Convinc'd the ſinful cauſe is mine,
The merciful chaſtiſement thine.
On every fellow-creature's woe,
Let me a ready tear beſtow;
Nor be ſo much of want afraid,
As not to give my little aid,
When poverty, with trembling hand,
Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.
When innocence gives laughter birth,
Let me not check the harmleſs mirth;
Yet ſpeed the voice, that kindly cries—
'Mortals, be MERRY and be WISE!'
O gracious Heaven, theſe bleſſings give—
I care not where, but HOW I live!

EPITAPHS.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

FROM ſcenes of folly, mirth of fools,
Ye idle here repair,
Where wiſdom, yet untaught in ſchools,
Embalms this calmer air.

Here pride has ſtruck her lofty ſail,
That rov'd the world around;
Here roſeate beauty, cold and pale,
Has loſt the power to wound.

Alas! no pleaſing objects here,
The periſh'd ſenſe invite;
No muſic charms the tuneful ear,
No colours ſtrike the ſight.

Within this ſilent ſpot of peace,
What numbers lie compreſt!
The wicked here from troubling ceaſe,
The weary here find reſt.

Here let me muſe, and wrapt in thought,
The realms of death ſurvey,
Till, by the view, reflective, taught,
I learn to live to-day.

How vain is life! to-morrow's dawn,
Perhaps, I ne'er may ſee:
Between, how ſlight the curtain drawn,
Eternity and me!

Indulgent GOD! whatever ſhare
Of fleeting life I prove;
Oh! be it ſtill my foremoſt care
To gain thy guardian love.

That ſo, when this diſſolving frame
Shall mingle with the duſt;
Preſerv'd, my better part, may claim
A portion with the juſt.

Impriſon'd in this houſe of clay,
The ſoul, dejected, ſighs;
By death releas'd, ſhe ſoars away,
And ſeeks her native ſkies.

ON AN INFANT.

BENEATH, a ſleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent:
More glorious ſhe'll hereafter riſe,
Though not more innocent.

When the Archangel's trump ſhall blow,
And ſouls to bodies join,
Millions will wiſh their lives below,
Had been as ſhort as thine!

IN CHISWICK CHURCH, ON A YOUTH AGED 15.

IF in the morn of life, each winning grace,
The converſe ſweet, the mind-illumin'd face,
The lively wit, that charm'd with early art,
And mild affections ſtreaming from the heart;
If theſe, lov'd Youth! could check the hand of fate,
Thy matchleſs worth had claim'd a longer date.
But thou art bleſt, while here we heave the ſigh;
Thy death is virtue wafted to the ſky.
Yet ſtill thy image fond affection keeps,
The ſire remembers, and the mother weeps;
Still the friend grieves, who ſaw thy vernal bloom,
And here, ſad taſk! inſcribes it on thy tomb.

ON A YOUTH AGED 20.

IN youth's gay prime a thouſand joys I ſought;
But Heav'n and an immortal ſoul forgot;

In manhood's dawn, a kind and friendly rod,
Which chaſten'd long, taught me to know my
GOD,
I bleſs'd the change with my expiring breath,
And life aſcrib'd to that which wrought my
death.

IN PANCRASS CHURCH-YARD, ON MISS BASNET.

GO, ſpotleſs Honour and unſullied Truth;
Go, ſmiling Innocence and blooming Youth;
Go, female Sweetneſs, unaſſuming Senſe;
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence;
Go, ſoft Humanity, that bleſt the poor;
Go, ſaint-ey'd Patience, from Affliction's door;
Go, Modeſty that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a ſtranger comes this heart-felt verſe:
The Friend inſcribes thy tomb whoſe tears
bedew'd thy hearſe.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

IF ever Poet breathe a generous ſtrain,
If ever Pity heave the tend'reſt ſighs,
It is when virtuous youth is doom'd to pain;
It is when blooming beauty droops and dies.
But if with youth, with beauty, were combin'd
The ſweeteſt flow'r of genius op'ning fair,

The ſofteſt manners, and the pureſt mind;
Heroes might weep, and Saints let fall a tear.
Take then, O Earth! take to thy clay-cold bed
Beauty and youth, as rich as earth can ſend;
And take the tear (tear ſofter ne'er was ſhed)
Of Father, Mother, Brother, Siſter, Friend.
But long thou muſt not hold that beauteous clay;
That virtuous maid, more lovely ſtill, ſhall riſe:
What's born of Heav'n ſhall ſpring to endleſs day:
Beauty may fade, but Virtue never dies.

IN WIMBLEDON CHURCH-YARD, ON A YOUNG LADY.

STAY, Chriſtian, ſtay; nor let thy haſte profane
This humble ſtone, that tells thee life is vain:
Here beauty lies, in mould'ring ruins loſt,
A bloſſom nipt by death's untimely froſt:
Unwarn'd, yet unſurpris'd, found on her guard,
Like a wiſe Virgin watching for her Lord.
In life's ſweet op'ning dawn ſhe ſought her God,
And the gay path of youth with caution trod:
In bloom of beauty, humbly turn'd aſide
The incenſe flattery offer'd to her pride.
Her front with bluſhing modeſty ſhe bound;
And on her lips the law of truth was found:

Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend;
Belov'd by all, to all the good, a friend:
The bad ſhe cenſur'd by her life alone;
Blind to their faults, ſevere upon her own:
In others joys and griefs a part ſhe bore,
And with the needy ſhar'd her little ſtore:
At diſtance ſaw the world with pious dread,
And to GOD's temple for protection fled;
There ſought that peace which Heav'n alone can give,
And learn'd to die, ere others learn to live.
Tho' clos'd thoſe eyes, by which all hearts were charm'd;
Though every feature, of each grace diſarm'd;
Yet think not that her piety was vain:
Her ſoul ſurvives, her virtues ſtill remain;
O'er vanquiſh'd death th' immortal Saint prevails,
And op'ning Heav'n the new-born Angel hails.

ON MRS. GROVE: BY HER HUSBAND.

GRIEF, Love, and Gratitude, devote this ſtone
To her whoſe virtues bleſt a Huſband's life,
When late in duty's ſphere ſhe mildly ſhone,
As Friend, as Siſter, Daughter, Mother, Wife.

In the bright morn of beauty, joy, and wealth,
Inſidious Palſy near his victim drew;
Daſh'd from her youthful hands the cup of health,
And round her limbs his numbing fetters threw.

Year after year her Chriſtian firmneſs ſtrove
To check the riſing ſigh, the tear repreſs,
Sooth with ſoft ſmiles the fears of anxious love,
And Heav'n's correcting hand in ſilence bleſs.

Thus tried her faith, and thus prepar'd her heart,
The awful call, at length, th' Almighty gave:
She heard—reſign'd to linger or depart—
Bow'd her meek head, and ſunk into the grave.

IN BUNHILL-FIELDS, ON MRS. REBECCA HUCKELL, AGED 40.

RELIGION's paths ſhe early trod,
Endear'd to friends, belov'd of GOD:
The life conſiſtent, heart ſincere,
Her piety was rooted there;
Her death demands the friendly tear.
Though call'd to bear a heavy load,
No murmurs heard againſt her GOD:
Conſcious of his paternal care,
Her mind compos'd, her proſpects clear;

In view of bliſs above the ſkies,
Both grateful, and reſign'd ſhe dies.

WALCOT CHURCH, BATH. ON MRS. K. PORTER, AGED 46.

IN vain would every human record trace,
Th' expreſſive features of her lovely face;
Tell how, with happieſt art, ſhe knew to blend
The ſage inſtructor with th' endearing friend:
How zeal, to ſtrengthen every ſocial tye,
Smil'd on her lip, and ſparkled in her eye:
How huſband, children, friends, domeſtics join'd
To love her perſon, and revere her mind.
Such frail memorials ruthleſs time invades;
The tombſtone moulders, and the writing fades:
But Heaven-recorded virtues time defy;
Bloom on the tree of life, and never die,

ON A GOOD WOMAN, WHO DIED IN LOW CIRCUMSTANCES, AFTER LONG AFFLICTION.

IN labours conſtant as the riſing day,
Hardly ſhe liv'd, but in an honeſt way:
Crown'd was her table with no ſumptuous fare,
But, ſweet each meal, for ſweet content was there.
What's rarely found, was hers, that pious part,
To live on little with a thankful heart;

Still thankful ev'n when life's beſt bleſſing fled,
And princely dainties had been bitter bread.
Thro' nine long years, by ſore affliction tried,
Patience grew perfect; and the ſuff'rer died;
She left her neighbours, relatives, the poor,
No legacies of gold; but left them more;
Left them a pearl not empires can ſupply,
A fair example how to live and die.

ON A POOR HONEST MAN.

STOP READER! here, and deign a look
On one without a name;
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated ſtrife,
Meek virtues fill'd his breaſt;
His coat of arms, a ſpotleſs life;
An honeſt heart, his creſt.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence:
And thus his motto ran;
'A conſcience void of all offence,
'Before both GOD and Man.'

In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now ſcorn his pedigree;
Thouſands ſhall wiſh they'd been ally'd
To this great family.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S, NORWICH. ON MRS. PRISCILLA SPURRELL, AGED 60.

'TIS MINE to-day to moulder in the tomb;
To-morrow may THY awful ſummons come.
Thus frail, yet ſleep ſecure! awake, or know,
Thy dreams will terminate in endleſs woe;
Wake, and contend for Heav'n's immortal prize,
And give to GOD each moment as it flies.
Serene, then, may'ſt thou recollect the paſt,
And with a ſacred tranſport meet the laſt.

ON A LADY,

Who in the Courſe of a long Life, was an eminent Example of active Benevolence.

IN her, whoſe relics mark this ſacred earth,
Shone all domeſtic and all ſocial worth.
Heav'n to induſtrious virtue bleſſings lent,
And all was competence, and all content.

Tho' frugal care, in wiſdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what induſtry acquir'd:
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty bleſt,
The journeying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
Preſt on all ſides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung on exigence ſevere?
Farewell the friend who ſpar'd th' aſſiſtant loan;
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.

Did piteous Lazars oft attend her door?
She gave.—Farewel the Parent of the poor.
Youth, Age, and Want, once cheer'd, now ſighing, ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a long farewell.

THE ADDRESS OF A GENTLEMAN'S SCULL, PLACED ON A PILLAR.

WHY ſtart! this caſe will thine be very ſoon,
In ſome few years, perhaps the coming moon.
Life, at its utmoſt length is ſcarce a breath,
And thoſe who longeſt dream, muſt wake in death.
Like thee, I once thought every bliſs ſecure,
And GOLD of every ill the certain cure:
Till plung'd in ſorrow, and beſieg'd with pain,
Too late I found all earthly riches vain.
Diſeaſe made fruitleſs every ſordid fee,
And Death ſtill anſwer'd, 'What is gold to me?'
FAME, titles, honours, next I vainly ſought;
And fools obſequious, nurs'd each childiſh thought.
Elate with brib'd applauſe, and purchas'd praiſe,
I built on endleſs grandeur, endleſs days:
'Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,
And laid a prouder beggar by my ſide.
PLEASURE I courted, and indulg'd my taſte;
The banquet ſmil'd, and ſmil'd the gay repaſt.

A loathſome carcaſe was my only care,
And worlds were ranſack'd but for me to ſhare.
Go on, vain man! to luxury be firm;
Yet know, thou feaſteſt but to feaſt a worm.
Already ſure, leſs terrible I ſeem;
Like me, thou ſure wilt own, that life's a dream:
Farewel! remember, nor my words deſpiſe,
'The only happy are the EARLY WISE.'

THE ADDRESS OF A LADY'S SCULL, PLACED ON A PILLAR NEAR THE FORMER.

BLUSH not, ye Fair, to own me, but be wiſe;
Nor turn from ſad mortality your eyes.
Fame ſays, and fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely, and belov'd like you.
Where are my vot'ries—where my flatt'rers now?
Gone with the ſubject of each lover's vow.
Adieu the roſes red, and lilies white,
Adieu thoſe eyes, which make the darkneſs light:
No more, alas! that coral lip is ſeen,
No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,
At once what thouſands can't, or dare not ſee,

Unvarniſh'd, I the real truth impart,
Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart.
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
On beauty's fragile baſe no more depend:
Here youth and pleaſure, age and ſorrow end;
Here drops the maſk—here ſhuts the final ſcene,
Nor differs grave threeſcore from gay fifteen.
All preſs alike to that ſame goal, the tomb,
Where wrinkled Laura ſmiles at Chloe's bloom.
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
Learn here the leſſon, to be vain no more.
Yet virtue ſtill againſt decay can arm,
And even lend mortality a charm.

THE END.

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WITH THE AUTHORS NAMES.

N. B. Where no NAMES are inſerted, the Pieces are either original, or the Authors not known to the EDITOR.

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